Aug. 7, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

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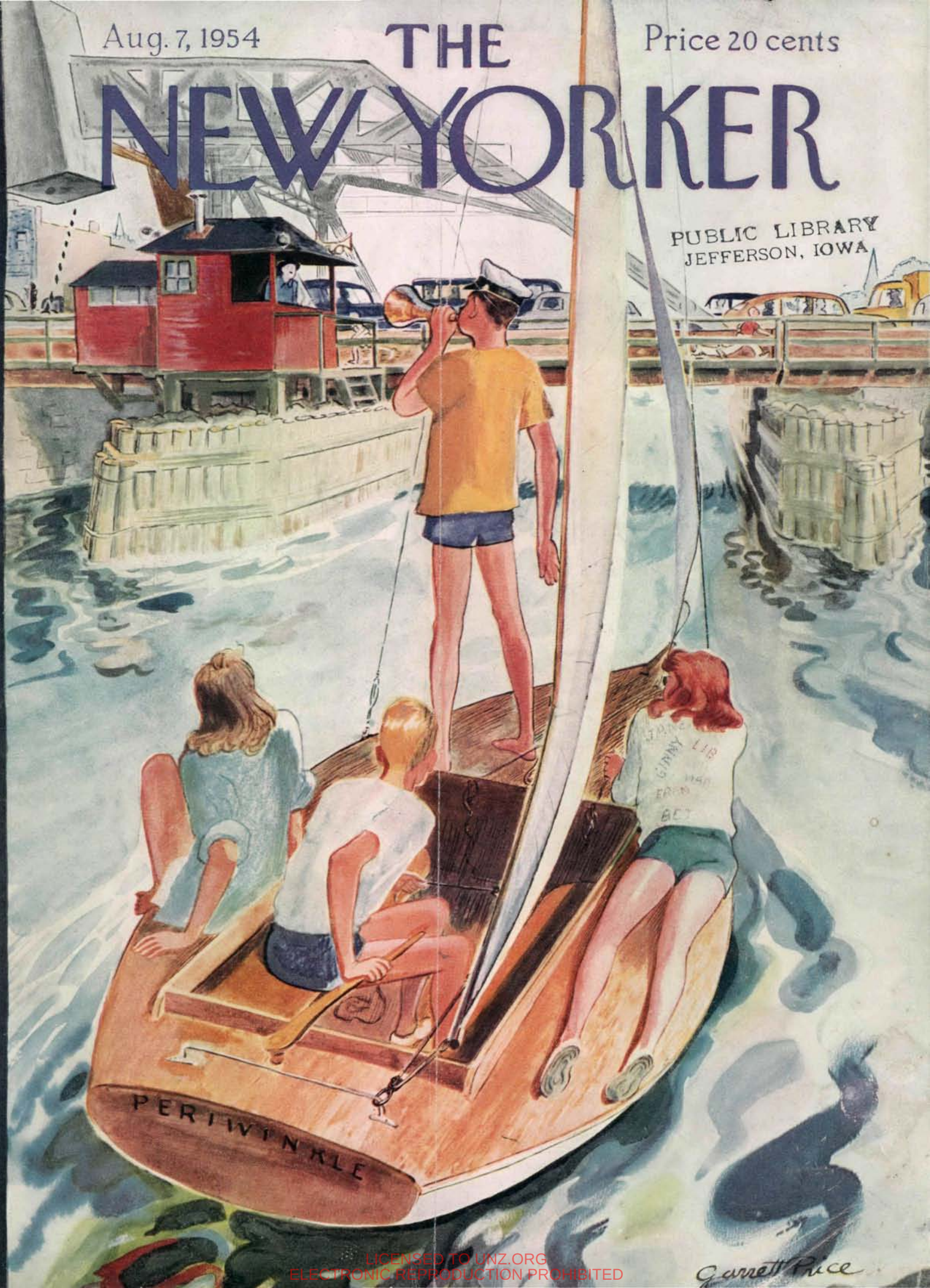

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Photographed backstage at *Kismet*

The Schweppesman initiates the Princess of Bangalore

Recently, Commander Edward Whitehead, Schweppes' roving ambassador, went to see the musical play *Kismet*. The Commander was immediately recognized and invited backstage to meet dancer Beatrice Kraft—the exotic "Princess of Bangalore."

What did they talk about? About Schweppes? Yes—among other things.

Even in Bangalore—the *real* Bangalore—Schweppes has gladdened the hearts (and relieved the thirst) of connoisseurs.

Today, in Cairo, Washington, Hong Kong and almost *every* hot-weather capital, Schweppes is hailed as the essential mixer for Gin-and-Tonic, world's coolest drink.

Why so cool? Two reasons. First, Gin-and-Tonic is served deliciously *iced*. Second, Schweppes gives Gin-and-Tonic its cooling bitter-sweet *taste*.

A punctilious barman will always serve you Schweppes for Gin-and-Tonic. And today, your grocer sells both Schweppes Quinine Water *and* Schweppes Club Soda, in handy six-bottle cartons. Price? Very little more than you'd pay for *commonplace* mixers!

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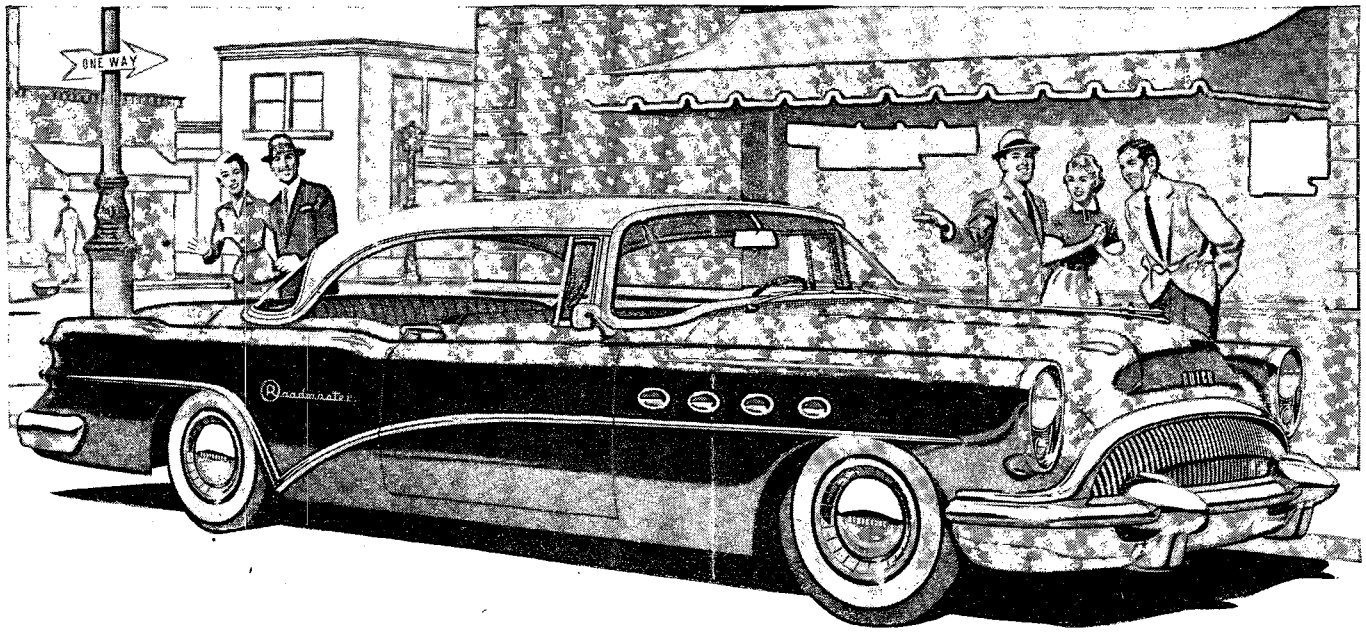
AUG 31
SEP 10

It's the hit that's writing new history



TAKE a look, if you please, at the car and the styling that are changing historic sales standings.

Take a look at the beauty and the buy called Buick—the car that is forging ahead to new sales heights in the 1954 market.

Take a look at the new best seller that has moved into the "Big Three" of the nation's top sales leaders — into that very exclusive circle that for two decades has held only the so-called "low-price three."

For today, as national sales figures for the first five months reveal, Buick is outselling *all* other cars except *two* of these "low-price three." *And each month firms Buick's new position.*

It takes solid worth to bring this about — a lot more automobile per dollar in Buick than in other cars.

But it also takes the glamorous new tomorrow styling that is Buick today. It takes the highest V8 horsepowers, Series for Series, in all Buick history. It takes the room and comfort and ride and handling that are Buick's proud tradition.

And it takes a range of cars to satisfy a wide range of people — with prices that most people can well afford. So you find the low-priced SPECIAL, the high-powered CENTURY, the extra-spacious SUPER, and the custom-built ROADMASTER—the four big reasons for Buick's tremendous sales success.

Come in for a demonstration and you'll see what we mean.

With the years-away styling of this glamor car, you'll be way ahead at resale time. And right now you're money ahead with the big trade-in allowance our volume sales can bring you. Drop in this week.

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

Buick sales are soaring!

SEE YOUR BUICK DEALER

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GOINGS ON

ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANNIVERSARY WALTZ—Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do their best in this comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, but the remarkably primitive nature of the humor is against them. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL—Herman Wouk's dramatic version of a section of his novel is a highly impressive achievement, and Charles Laughton's direction of it is illustrious. Lloyd Nolan, John Hodiak, and Barry Sullivan currently head the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

KING OF HEARTS—Maybe this unobtrusive item by Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke lacks substance, but it has enough real comedy to compensate for its defects. It's about an egocentric comic-strip artist, Lord help us. Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper are in the cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OH, MEN! OH, WOMEN!—Lloyd Bridges has taken over Franchot Tone's role as a psychoanalyst who gets caught in his own net. Betsy von Furstenberg, Tony Randall, and Larry Blyden are among those who conspire to complicate his life in Edward Chodorov's bright and expert comedy. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SABRINA FAIR—This sociological document by Samuel Taylor, which has something to do with a romance between a millionaire and the daughter of a chauffeur, is now starring Leora Dana and Tod Andrews. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH: Tom Ewell has the leading role in George Axelrod's comedy concerning a man who gets mixed up with a beautiful girl while his wife is away for the summer. Sally Forrest and Neva Patterson are the ladies in the case. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC:** A satire, by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann, on the business world of today. Josephine Hull, the star, is unfortunately out of action at the moment, but Loring Smith and a number of other good character actors are still around. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **TEA AND SYMPATHY:** At present, Joan Fontaine is playing the part of an understanding older woman and Anthony Perkins that of a sensitive boy accused of homosexuality in this play by Robert Anderson. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON:**

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John Patrick's comedy about Okinawa under the American Occupation. David Wayne, John Forsythe, Paul Ford, and Mariko Niki are importantly involved. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA—Although Shirley Booth is entrancing and Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes are a big help, too, the show's book is a serious handicap, and Arthur Schwartz's music is by no means in his best vein. Helen Tamiris provided the dances, and Jo Mielziner designed the pleasant, old-fashioned Coney Island setting. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CAROUSEL—The New York City Light Opera Company's revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Jo Sullivan, David Atkinson, and John Conte. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 8.)

THE GOLDEN APPLE—A cheerful but fairly standard musical that transports Ulysses, Paris, Helen, and all that clan to nineteenth-century America. It is chiefly the work of John Latouche (book), Jerome Moross (music), and Hanya Holm (dances). With Kaye Ballard, Jack Whiting, Jonathan Lucas, Bibi Osterwald, Charlotte Rae, and Stephen Douglass. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 7.)

KISMET—Alfred Drake cuts a dashing figure as the vagabond poet in this adaptation of Edward Knoblock's comedy-melodrama, and his leading associates include Doretta Morrow, Richard Oneto, Joan Diener, and Henry Calvin. Robert Wright and George Forrest pieced together a score from the music of Alexander Borodin, and Jack Cole did the choreography. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE PAJAMA GAME—A comedy about romance and confusion in a pajama factory, and easily the best musical visible in town. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney have leading roles; George Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the book; Richard Adler and Jerry Ross handled the music and lyrics; the scenery and costumes are by Lemuel Ayers; and Bob Fosse was responsible for the dances. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—CAN-CAN: Cole Porter did the music and lyrics for this spectacle set in the Paris of 1893, and Norwood Smith, Gwen Verdon, and Lilo are among those in the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **COMEDY IN MUSIC:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Punch Opera's presentation of "Aunt Caroline's Will," a comic opera by Albert Roussel, with an English libretto by Milton Feist. Opens Tuesday, Aug. 10. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE—"The Cretan Woman," a new play by Robinson Jeffers, with Jacqueline Brookes and Charles Aidman. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

MISCELLANY

PAUL DRAPER—In a dance recital. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 8:40.)

JONES BEACH MARINE THEATRE—Guy Lombardo's "Arabian Nights," a musical rodeo with Lauritz Melchior, Helena Scott, Ralph Herbert, Mia Slavenska, and a few hundred others, including Lottie Mayer's Disappearing Water Ballet girls. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CO 5-7587.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

ANDOVER—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: Roddy McDowall in "Aboard the Bandwagon." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: "Apple of His Eye." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

CHATHAM—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: "Home of the Brave." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 11-14: "Skylark." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

CLINTON—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: Constance Bennett in "Sabrina Fair." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: "My 3 Angels." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except

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Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: "Carousel." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: "Bitter Sweet." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: Margaret Truman in "Autumn Crocus." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: Tallulah Bankhead in "Dear Charles." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Corning—Through Sunday, Aug. 8: "The Country Girl." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 10-15: "My 3 Angels." (Corning Summer Theatre, Corning Glass Center, Corning, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: Steve Cochran in "Heaven Can Wait." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: "My 3 Angels." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: Mary Astor in "Late Love." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: "Jimmy Potts Gets a Haircut," a new play. (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Fayetteville—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: Paul Lukas in "Captain Carvallo." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: Pat O'Brien in "The Front Page." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, Aug. 8: "The Male Animal." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 10-15: "Father of the Bride." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: "Lullaby." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: "My 3 Angels." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: "Oklahoma!" Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: "The Vagabond King." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: June Lockhart in "Sabrina Fair." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: Mary Astor in "Late Love." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, Aug. 8: "My Maryland." Starting Tuesday, Aug. 10: "The Boys from Syracuse." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, Aug. 8: "My 3 Angels." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 10-15: "The Country Girl." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: Wally Cox in "The Vegetable." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: Joe E. Brown in "The Show-Off." (Marblehead Summer Theatre, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:15.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: Tallulah Bankhead in "Dear Charles." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: Paul Hartman in "Walk Tall." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Millburn—"The Vagabond King." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: Charles Coburn in "You Can't Take It with You." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: "The Sin of Pat Muldoon," a new play. (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Sunday, Aug. 8: "The Male Animal." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 10-15: "I Am a Camera." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Moylan—Through Wednesday, Aug. 11: "The Physician in Spite of Himself." Thursday; Aug. 12: "Ring Round the Moon." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14: "Queer People." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: Elliott Nugent in "The Automobile Man," a new play by Calder Willingham. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: Murray Hamilton in "Stalag 17." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: "Oklahoma!" Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: Steve Cochran in "Heaven Can Wait." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: Victor Jory in "My 3 Angels." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: Rudy Vallée in "Jenny Kissed Me." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: Lucille Manners in "Song of Norway." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: "Stalag 17." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: "Pygmalion." Starting Wednesday, Aug. 11: "Dear Brutus." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: "Beyond the Horizon." Starting Monday, Aug. 9: "A Dream of Fair Women." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: "Wish You Were Here." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: Eva Le Gallienne in "The Southwest Corner," a new play by John Cecil Holm. (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: Barbara Bel Geddes and Hiram Sherman in "The Little Hut." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: "My 3 Angels." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: "Stalag 17." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: Lucille Manners in "Song of Norway." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Spring Lake—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: Judith Evelyn in "Magic Morning," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: Judith Evelyn in "The Constant Wife." (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Mondays and Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: "Traveller's Joy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: Sidney Blackmer and Carol Stone in "The Iron Gate," a new play. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wallingford—Through Sunday, Aug. 8: "Desert Song." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 10-15: "Kiss Me, Kate." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5.)

Westhampton Beach—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: "Goodbye Again." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: "Kind Sir." (Westhampton Playhouse, Westhampton Beach, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:45.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 7: John Emery and Peter Cookson in "Libel!" Monday through Saturday, Aug. 9-14: Barbara Bel Geddes and Hiram Sherman in "The Little Hut." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 8: "Light Up the Sky." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 10-15: "The Time of the Cuckoo." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 7: The Celtic Ballet of Scotland, and Pearl Lang and Hadassah and their companies. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 11-14: The Celtic Ballet of Scotland, and Ram Gopal. (Lee, Mass. Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays at 4; and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—This timber-line lodge, large enough for a polo field, is often full of youngsters careering about wildly to the sound of Les Elgart's big band. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Friends, Romans, and countrymen gather in profusion in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour to listen to soft music every day but Sunday, and for the same purpose in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—Watching the peaches-and-cream ballerinas sidle through their elemental exercises, you wonder where all these lovely posies come from. The origin of the jokes of Al Bernie presents a much smaller puzzle. Dolores Hawkins and the Delta Rhythm Boys sing to fill out a long, loud evening.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Still a favorite watering place for people who would rather discuss each other than study a floor show. Dancing to Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba group. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A small orchestra, usually Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the sedate Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully nineteenth-century, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill has dancing of the easy-going Sunday-driver, or bumper-to-bumper, type to the music of two bands. Closed on the Sabbath.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Life can be beautiful indeed under the arching dome of the handsome old pink Joseph Urban heaven provided by the management. The mood is enhanced by the practically continuous dance music of Milt Shaw's band and Ray Bari's ensemble. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music pervades the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A centrally located waiting room and refreshment stand for anyone who doesn't mind putting up with occasional invasions by sightseeing tours. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—The great outdoors is just beyond the rim of the open-air terrace, where there is dancing after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays. The music is merely adequate, but the scenery could hardly be improved upon.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Irwin Corey, the most involuted semanticist since James Joyce, has a sounding board in the incumbent pint-size George White musical comedy, which is immeasurably funnier because of him. Fay DeWitt and Lou Nelson are noticeably humorous, too, which is a lot more than can be said for the libretto. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba men dream up dance music after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof, bathed in the pale-blue radiance of earth-bound moon and stars, is a small paradise, which Perez Prado and his posse of Cuban musicians, troubadours, and hoofers fill with tumult and shouting. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The eagle's nest called the Rainbow Room serves (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) as a lounge where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of music, one may do a comprehensive job of window-shopping midtown Manhattan. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): An olio of the lively days when America was technically dry territory, played by a generally competent cast, including a few members of the original one. Except Sundays, there's Continental piano at dinner, and at supper Norbert Faconi is all over the place with his swoon violin. Bud Gregg makes quiet, comfortable piano music at supper on Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): José Poniera is in charge of the piano, which is in operation from six to eight and from ten to two every evening but Sunday. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An ornate assortment of armchairs in which to listen to the calm, collected piano of Addison Bailey during dinner and supper. Sunday is his regular day of rest, and he will also be off Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano and violin after ten for people who consider this their home away from home. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A sort of permanent picnic (Latin-American style), with all the appropriate words and music. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Herman Arminski gently strokes a piano at cocktails, dinner, and supper in the bar of this establishment, a heaping handful of clearly mobile décor. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): An old favorite of the small fry that is a mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both.

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SUPPER CLUBS

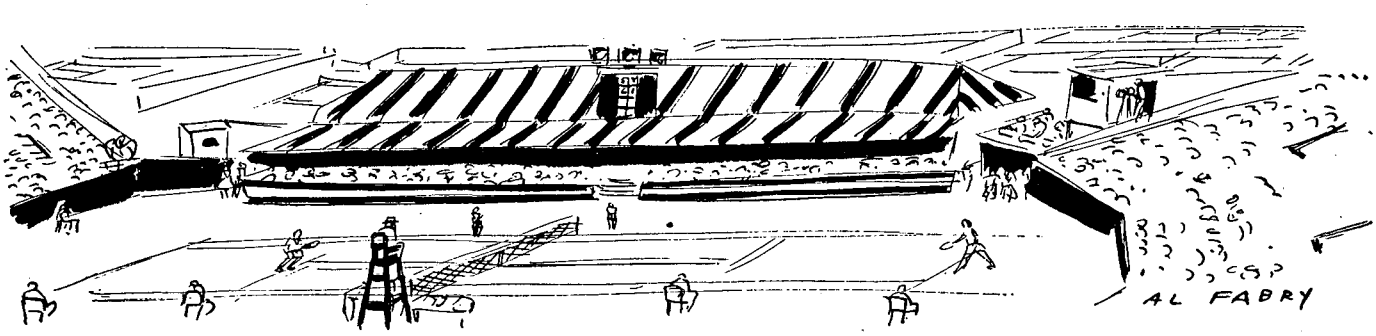
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Orson Bean's nightly newscast, done in the very best deadpan manner, is about tops, probably because he makes the whole thing up as he goes along. Just as freewheeling are the piano recitals *cum* lyrics of Stan Freeman and the duets of Martha Davis and Calvin Ponder; as for the songs of Trude Adams, they're full of a youthful and charming innocence. The backdrop is the subdued but fervid tone poems of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the persuasive piano of Bart Howard. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Ponder-Davis ménage is in the lounge every night but Saturday and Sunday, where it keeps rocking the boat from two until dawn. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The minuscule Robert Clary, practically the champion of the bantamweights, flashes some dazzling footwork as he boxes a few popular ballads silly. Enid Mosier, who sings, too, is an engaging mixture of baby lamb and tiger cat. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Vigorous piano by Bob Downey or Hazel Webster every night, and full-blown clowning by Clara Cedrone except Sundays, when bygone movies are added. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): Mabel Mercer's peaceful at-homes, which occur every night but Sunday, are monologues on the place (if any) of love in the great metropolis. The words are those of the brightest of the young composers, the music is Sam Hamilton's piano. Miss Mercer's salon is over the often restless Show Spot Lounge, where Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, is once more trotting forth agreeable piano, except Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The booth holders at this particular county fair are Mickey Deems, a wild and rampageous modern version of Peck's Bad Boy; Jimmie Daniels and his Left Bank lyrics; Norene Tate, singer of sad songs and player of blithe piano; the Three Flames, makers of polyphonic music; Patricia Bright, who is apt to do imitations; and Bruce Kirby, the local fall guy. Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PLAYGOERS CLUB,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Expatriates on leave from Paris, San Francisco, and our own East Fifties will probably like to know that Jorie Remes is now in a small basement, where, accompanied by some musicians and the most complex stole in the Western world, she serves up her offbeat comedy. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Under this spreading chestnut tree, Wild Bill Davison, a leading Village smithy, heads up a splendid anvil chorus. He gets noble backing from Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, Pee Wee Russell, Al Hall, and Mr. Condon. Teddy Roy is at the piano during intermissions. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a group of guest hot shots. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jazz, muted and modern, in the best of all possible circumstances and in vast variety. George Shearing's piano, which sometimes operates solo and sometimes is supported by two or more of his acolytes (Al McKibbon and John Thielmans among them), is imagination run riot; Don Shirley's piano, working in conjunction with a bassist, blends classic form with an interesting progressive technique. They tee off about nine-thirty; up till then, there's the expert dinner piano of Ronnie Selby. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his band are at work in this famous old homestead, which is often chockablock with the grandchildren. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Those who are willing to accept no substitutes for the real original jazz may as well settle for the band of Wilbur de Paris, which includes Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, and Eddie Gibbs. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Count Basie's big brass band, Johnny Smith's foursome, and Milt Jackson's Modern Jazz Quartet are sounding off at the top of their lungs. Mondays, when the regulars are at rest, are jam-session nights. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Charlie Ventura's orchestra is the principal noise here, but there are also strenuous contributions by Willis Jackson's boys. Tito Rodriguez' band and Slim Gaillard are also in attendance. On Tuesday, Aug. 10, Louis Armstrong and his mighty musicians will be taking over. Everyone but the Ventura group will depart. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): After nine, a little girl named Edna Corbett is playing piano that's not too avant-garde, along with Marian McPartland's two-man rhythm section. Now and then, Randy Hall and his jazz whistle sit in for a session. No action on Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Back again at the old stand, now with precooled air for the old-line hot musicians. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7, they are scheduled to be Bobby Hackett, Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Oran Page, Tony Parenti, Baby Dodds, Kai Winding, Sammy Price, Tyree Glenn, Cliff Jackson, Pop Foster, Tommy Benford, Jimmy Rushing, and Maxine Sullivan. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7, a welkin-ringing contest between (so says the grapevine) the Conrad Janis tailgaters, Willie the Lion Smith, Charlie Shavers,



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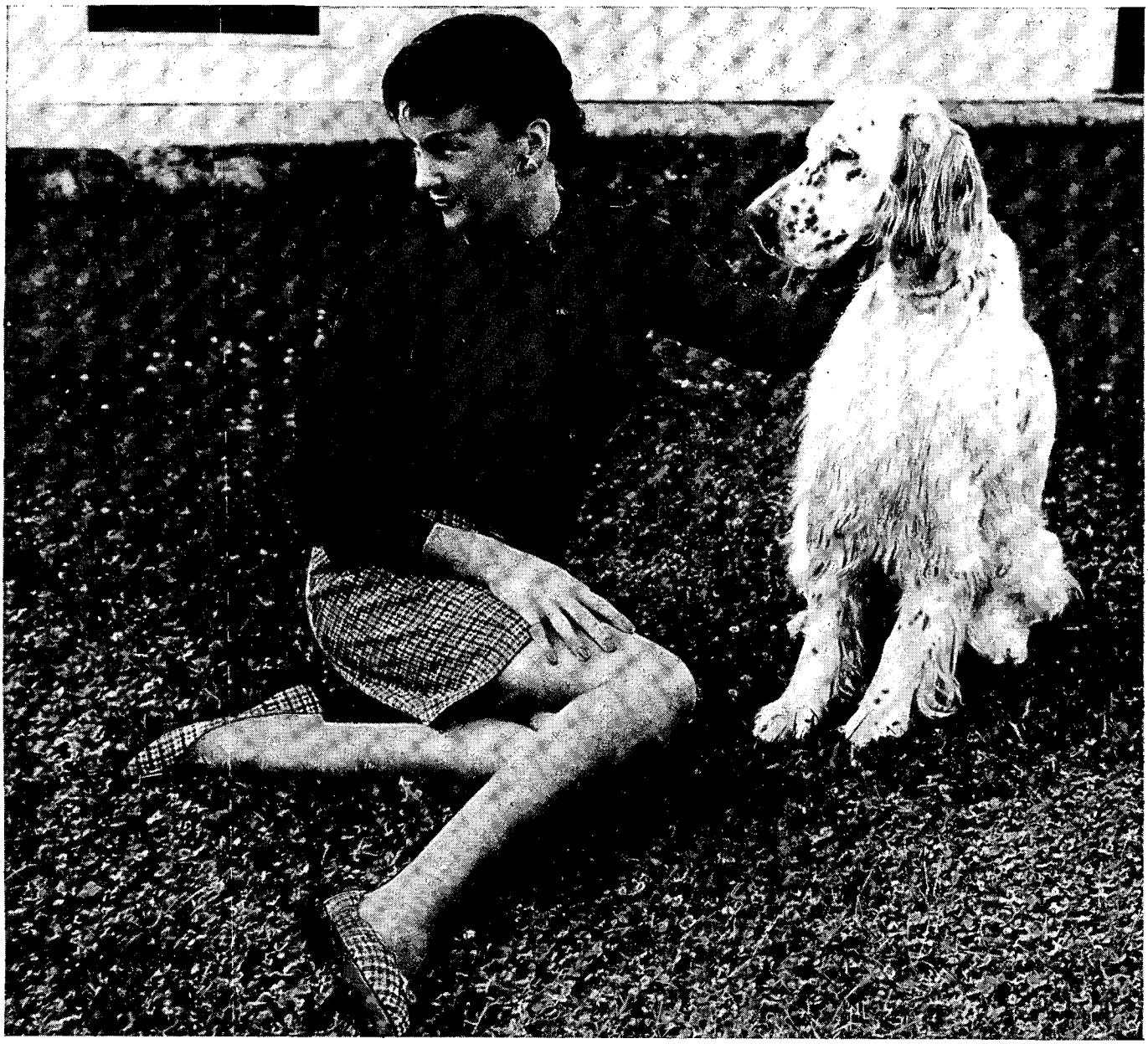
Peck and Peck

Palumbo



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Freddie Moore, Sol Yaged, and Benny Morton.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . CLOSTER, N.J.: Nolan's Closter Manor (Closter 5-3012). . . . CONGERS, N.Y.: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . EAST NORWICH, L.I.: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . FISHKILL, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384). . . . GARRISON, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); music nightly and dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . HARTSDALE, N.Y.: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: André; formerly Mori's (HUnter 2-7717). . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern (Volunteer 6-2588). . . . PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.: Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . POUND RIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); closed Mondays. . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano every evening. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . ROSLYN, L.I.: Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill (Huntington 4-1371); closed Mondays. . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Villa Victor (SYosset 6-3886). . . . TARRYTOWN, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries in town are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

GROUP SHOWS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Recent paintings and sculptures by such gallery artists as Philip Evergood, Robert Gwathmey, and Nat Werner, shown for the first time; through Aug. 27. . . . ALAN, 32 E. 65th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures that were displayed in museums and universities all over the country during the 1953-54 season; through Aug. 20. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: A show called "Landscapes of America," with oils and water colors by a group of artists that include Raphael Soyer and Frederic Taubes; through Friday, Aug. 6. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: A summer exhibit of oils and water colors by Winslow Homer, Henry Botkin, and a score of others; through Aug. 31. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: Oils by Edward Betts and Stephen Czoka, and sculptures by Boris Kagan and Nancy Dryfoos are some of the items in a mixed-mediums show by thirty-seven contemporaries; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . CRESPI, 205 E. 58th St.: Almost every type of work, from oils and sculptures to artists' portfolios, in styles varying from the classic to the non-objective; through Aug. 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 3 to 8.) . . . KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.: Joe Lasker and Marguerite Zorach are two of five artists in an exhibition of oils and gouaches; through Friday, Aug. 13. . . . MIDTOWN, 17 E. 57th St.: Mostly oils and a few water colors done during the past year by twenty artists, among them Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and William Thon; through Aug. 31. . . . ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Canvases by Abraham Rattner, Karl Knaths, and Marsden Hartley; through Aug. 31. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: "Fact and Fantasy '54," consisting of paintings and sculptures by

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the gallery's group, which includes Balcomb Green, Will Barnet, and Robert Cronbach; through Aug. 31.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first major retrospective of the work of Niles Spencer (1893-1952), made up of approximately forty oils, drawings, and gouaches; through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Traditional Japanese calligraphy used as a point of departure for forty examples of abstract Japanese pen-and-ink drawings seen for the first time in this country; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Prints in color and black-and-white by Paul Klee, ranging from his early allegoric themes of 1903 to some of his last etchings, done in 1931 and 1932; through Sept. 19. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Colored engravings of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English country and sporting scenes; through Sept. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show called "Younger American Painters," country-wide in scope, with fifty-odd paintings in a variety of styles; through Sept. 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings assembled from art schools throughout the country. (Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5.) . . . NEW HOPE, PA. Charles-Fourth Gallery: Paintings and a few sculptures by Jacob Lawrence, Julian Levy, William King, and others; through Sept. 3. (Daily, 11 to 8:30.) . . . NEWPORT, R.I. Art Association of Newport: Paintings by Jean de Botton and James D. Herbert; through Aug. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . NORWALK, CONN. Silvermine Guild of Artists: Ceramic sculpture and pottery by Albert Jacobson; through Aug. 20. (Daily, 1 to 6.) . . . OGUNQUIT, MAINE. Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Oils, water colors, and drawings by Winslow Homer, plus sculptures and paintings in a display called "Americans of Our Times." (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Center: The second section of the annual national exhibition of paintings; through Thursday, Aug. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . PITTSFIELD, MASS. The Berkshire Museum: A retrospective show of paintings by Ellen Emmet Rand, including portraits of, among many others, Elihu Root, Joseph H. Choate, and Richard Harding Davis; through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . PROVINCETOWN, MASS. Provincetown Art Association: The last half of a show of oils, caseins, water colors, prints, and sculptures by such exhibitors as Sol Wilson and Gerrit Hondius; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 6 and 7 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . ROCKPORT, MASS. Rockport Art Association: The second of three jury shows of works in a variety of mediums by Ken Gore, Iver Rose, and others; through Tuesday, Aug. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.) . . . WESTPORT, CONN. Leonid Kipnis Gallery: Oils, water colors, drawings, and cartoons by Mischa Richter; through Friday, Aug. 13. (Daily, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . WOODSTOCK, N.Y. Woodstock Artists Association: Paintings and sculptures juried by the Association's executive board; through Thursday, Aug. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 3:30.)

MUSIC

GOLDMAN BAND—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 15.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK CONCERTS—The first in a series of at least four free chamber-music programs performed by an orchestra under the direction of Alexander Schneider. (Monday, Aug. 9, at 9:15. In the event of rain, the concert will be held the following evening.)

SALMAGGI OPERA—"Aïda." (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30. For tickets, call LA 4-3900.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: Lukas Foss directing the Boston Symphony chamber orchestra in a Stravinsky-Mozart program, with Seymour Lipkin, piano; a chorus; and vocal soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: Charles Münch directing the Boston Symphony in an all-Berlioz program, with Eleanor Steber, soprano; David Poleri, tenor; and several choruses. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 8, at 2:30: Charles Münch conducting the Boston Symphony, with Zino Francescatti, violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Zino Francescatti, violin, and Artur Balsam, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: Jean Morel conducting the Boston Symphony chamber orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 6: The annual "Tanglewood on Parade" program, including offerings by the various student departments of the Berkshire Music Center, a lawn party, a concert by the Boston Symphony (conducted by Thomas Schippers, with Brenda Lewis, soprano) and the Boston Pops (conducted by Arthur Fiedler), door prizes, and waltzing on the lawn. For the benefit of the Berkshire Music Center. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Charles Münch conducting the Boston Symphony. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 15.)

CONNECTICUT POPS—Daniel Saidenberg conducting the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra, with Whittemore and Lowe, duo-piano. The fourth in a series of six programs. (Fairfield University Field, Fairfield, Conn. Friday, Aug. 6, at 8:45.)

CASTLE HILL CONCERTS—Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7: The New York Brass Ensemble, and Geoffrey Holder and his company, from Trinidad. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14: Ania Dorfmann, piano, and the Kroll String Quartet. (Crane Estate, Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

SOUTH MOUNTAIN—Saturday, Aug. 7: Alexander Schneider, violin, and Artur Balsam, piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14: The Juilliard String Quartet. (Pittsfield, Mass. Afternoons at 4.)

CHAUTAUQUA—Walter Hendl conducting the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra—Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: With the Columbus Boychoir. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 8, at 3: With Frances Bible, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: With James Friskin, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: A Johann Strauss-Leroy Anderson program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: With Nathan Gordon, viola, and the Chautauqua Symphony Choir. (Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N.Y. Through Wednesday, Aug. 25.)

SOUTHERN VERMONT ART CENTER—Eugene List, piano, and Carroll Glenn, violin. (Manchester, Vt. Sunday, Aug. 8, at 4.)

BLUE HILL—Albert Sprague Coolidge, oboe; Joseph Fuchs, violin; and the Marianne

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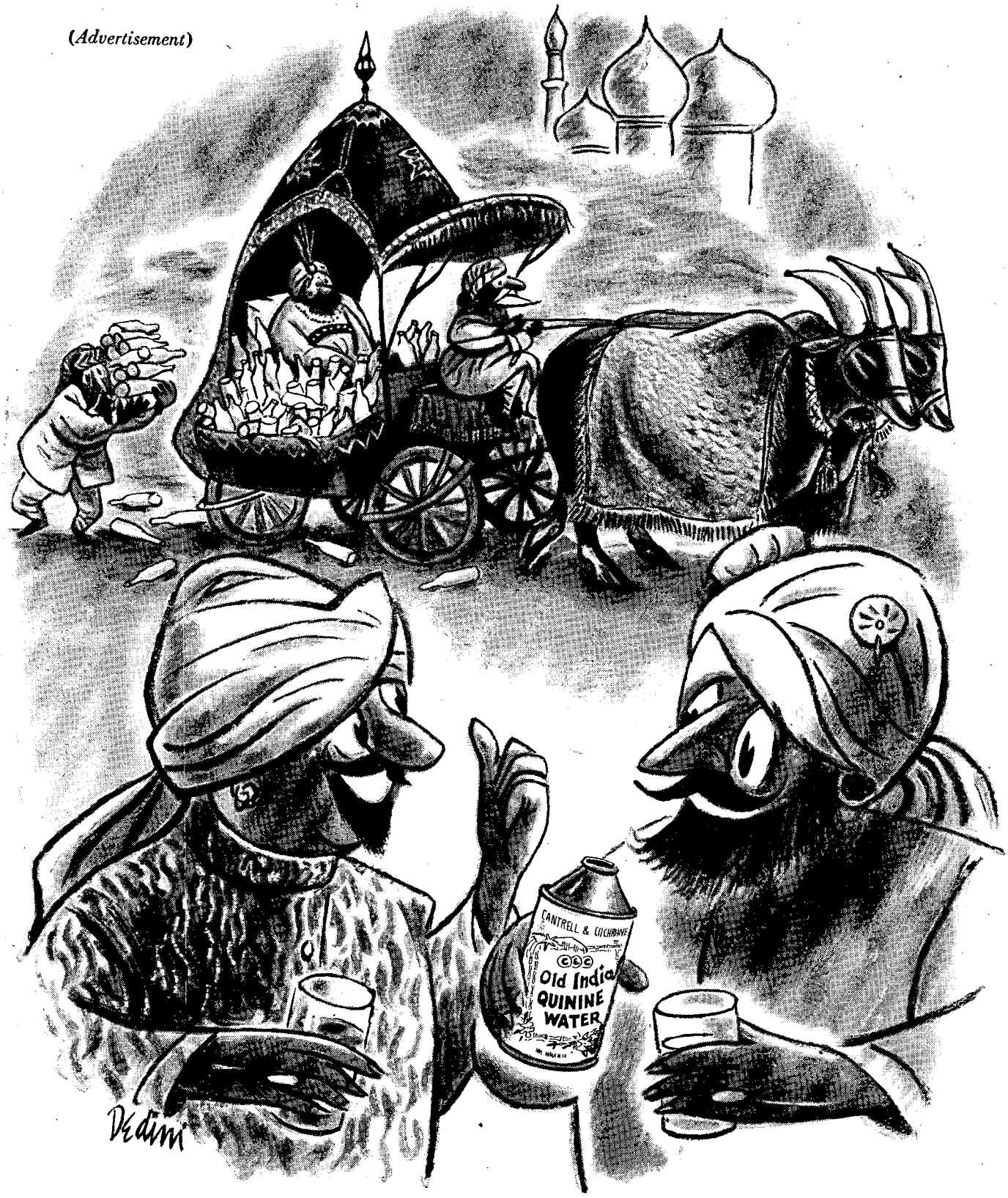

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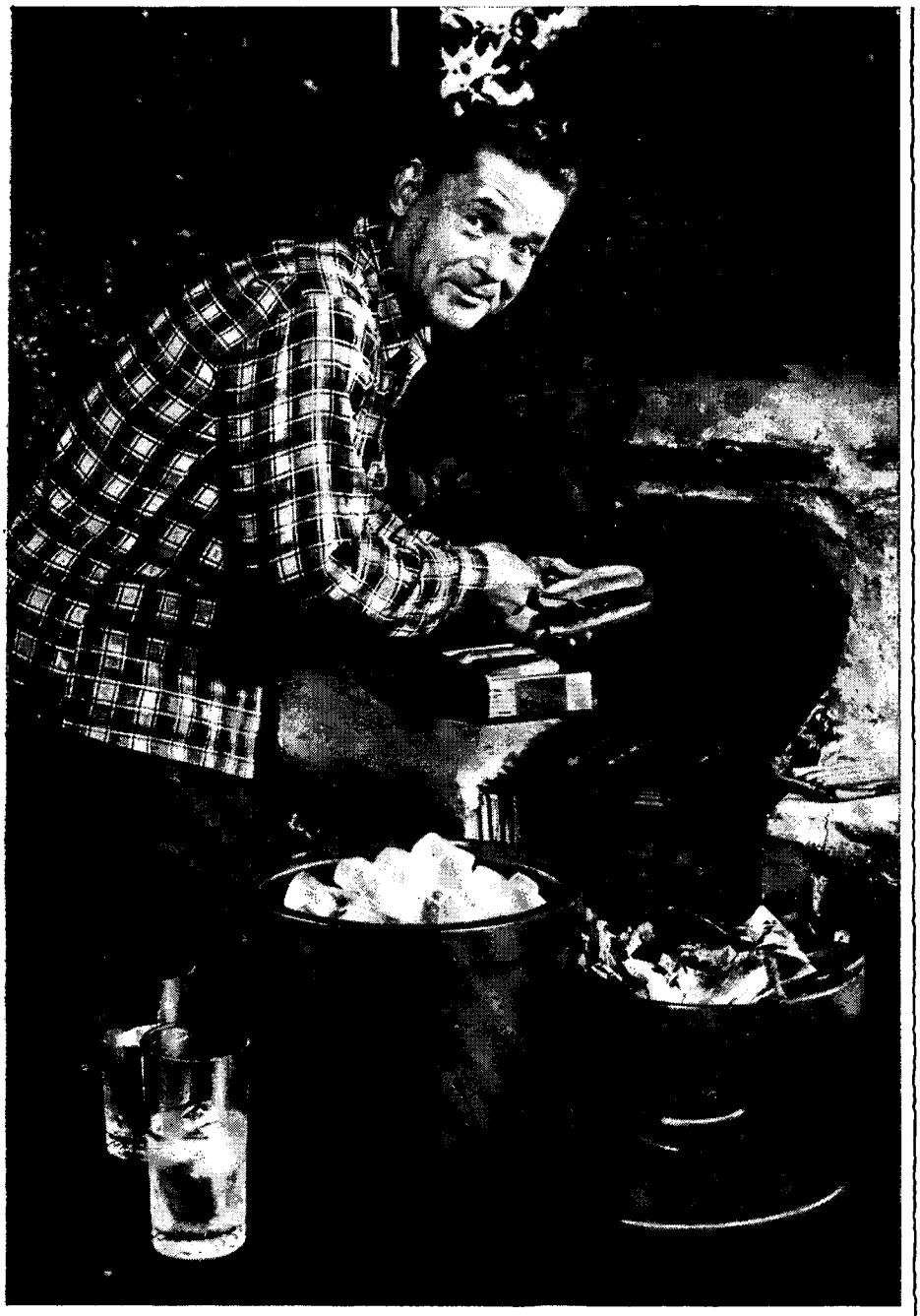

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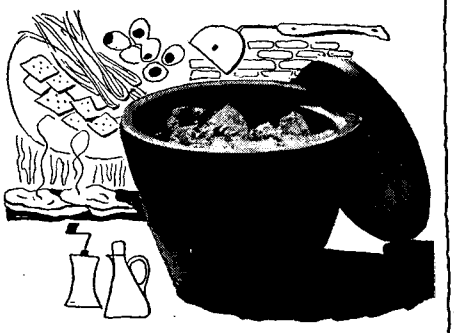

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kneisel Quartet. (Kneisel Hall, Blue Hill, Maine. Sunday, Aug. 8, at 4.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet presenting a series of chamber-music concerts. (Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4; through Sept. 5.)

NEW HAVEN POPS CONCERTS—Frank Brieff conducting the New Haven Symphony Orchestra, with José and Amparo Iturbi, duo piano. The fifth in a series of six programs. (Yale Bowl, New Haven. Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 8:15.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Chicago, Thursday, Aug. 5, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Milwaukee, Friday, Aug. 6, at 8:15; Saturday, Aug. 7, at 1:30; and Sunday, Aug. 8, at 2. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thursday, Aug. 5, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Friday, Aug. 6, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 7, at 1:30; and Sunday, Aug. 8, at 2. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants, Friday, Aug. 13, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 14, at 1:30. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 8:30; Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 2; and Thursday, Aug. 12, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Aug. 13, at 8:30, and Saturday, Aug. 14, at about 3. (The annual Old-Timers Day program, including a two- or three-inning fray between members of baseball's Hall of Fame, will take place before the Saturday game, starting at 2.)

BOXING—Archie Moore vs. Harold Johnson, 15 rounds, for the World Light Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Wednesday, Aug. 11. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

GOLF—John G. Anderson Memorial Invitation Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 5-8.) . . . ¶ Tam O'Shanter Championships. (Tam O'Shanter Country Club, Niles, Ill. Thursday, Aug. 5, through Sunday, Aug. 15.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Open Championship. (Bonnie Briar Country Club, Larchmont. Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 10-11.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Mixed Foursome Championship. (Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, L.I. Thursday, Aug. 12.)

HORSE SHOW—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 14.)

POLO—At the MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 4:30.

RACING—At SARATOGA SPRINGS: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Saratoga Handicap and the United States Hotel, Saturday, Aug. 7; the Schuylerville, Monday, Aug. 9; the Test, Wednesday, Aug. 11; and the Travers and the Saratoga Special, Saturday, Aug. 14. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Monday, Aug. 9. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, Aug. 7. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday, Friday, and Monday at 12:25, and Saturday at 11:55. A boat will leave Pier 81, W. 42nd St., each day at 11:15, and will be met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Tuesday, Aug. 10, through Wednesday, Oct. 6. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 10:15.)

TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 8.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 9-15.)

YACHTING—Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 7, through Sunday, Aug. 15.) . . . ¶ New Bedford Yacht Club Regatta. (New Bedford, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14.) . . . ¶ Hyannis Yacht Club Regatta. (Hyannis, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14.) . . . ¶ Newport Regatta. (Newport, R.I. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 14-15.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

next couple of months; however, there are periodic sessions of the Security Council and meetings of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—Sunsets, rainbows, thunderstorms, and other phenomena caused by the earth's atmosphere are reproduced in the summer show, "Sky Fantasia;" through Sept. 19. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—At EBBETS FIELD: Aug. 15-16, Aug. 20-22, Sept. 6, Sept. 8-12, and Sept. 14-15. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Aug. 15, Aug. 24-29, Aug. 31-Sept. 2, and Sept. 6. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Aug. 17-22, Sept. 3-5, and Sept. 8-15.

DOG SHOW—Westchester Kennel Club. (Rye. Sept. 12.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Men's Amateur Championship. (Country Club of Detroit, Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich. Aug. 23-28.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Father and Son Championship. (Hempstead Golf Club, Hempstead, L.I. Aug. 24.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Father and Son Championship. (Wykagyl Country Club, New Rochelle. Aug. 24.) . . . ¶ Curtis Cup Matches. (Merion Golf Club, Ardmore, Pa. Sept. 2-3.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Women's Amateur Championship. (Allegheny Country Club, Sewickley, Pa. Sept. 13-18.) . . . ¶ Westchester Seniors Golf Association Championship. (Hudson River Country Club, Yonkers. Sept. 15-16.)

HORSE SHOWS—Keswick Hunt Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Aug. 27-29.) . . . ¶ Maryland State Fair Horse Show. (Timonium, Md. Sept. 1-9.) . . . ¶ Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Sept. 4-6.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I. Sept. 9-11.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset, L.I. Sept. 12.)

HUNT RACING—Foxcatcher Hounds. (Fairhill, Md. Sept. 12 and 19.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—National Sweepstakes. (Red Bank, N.J. Sept. 11-12.)

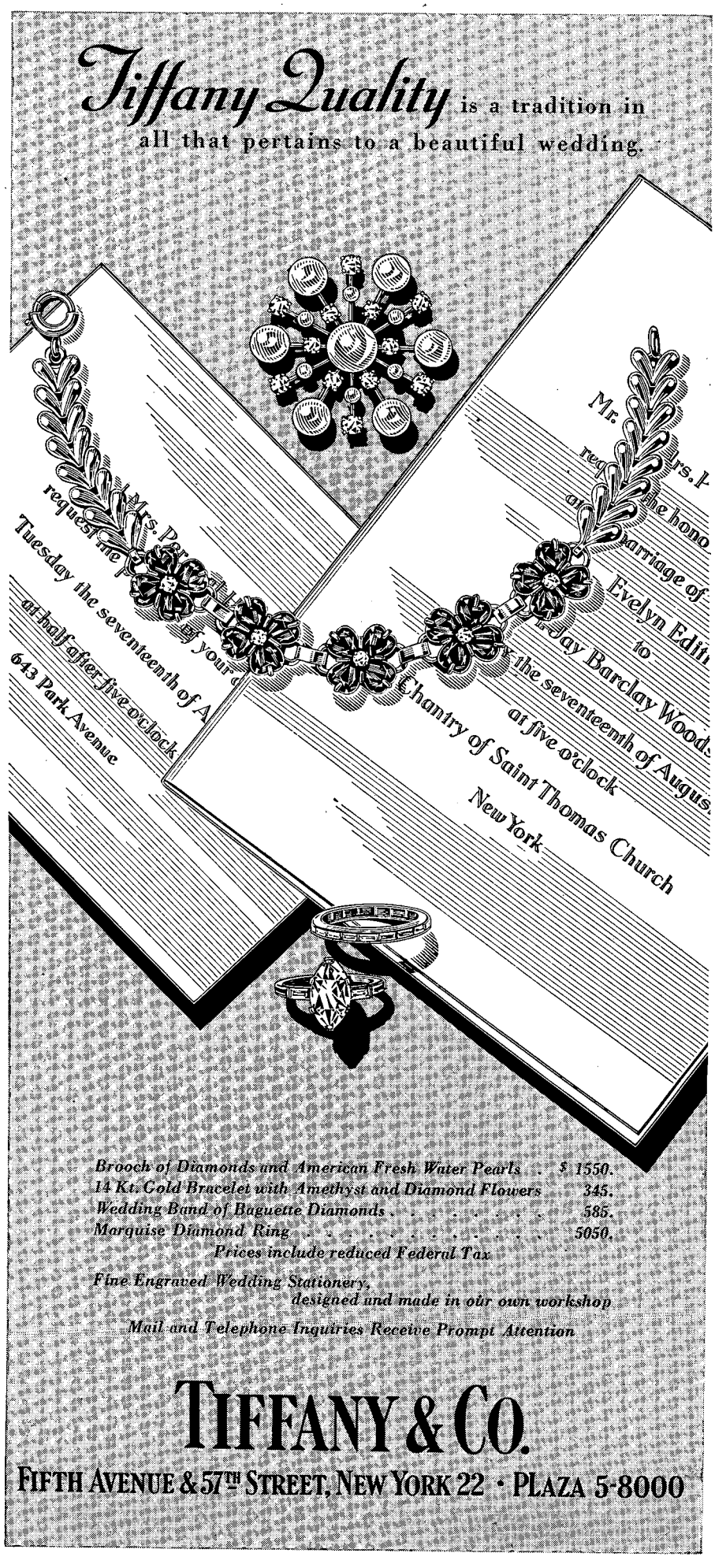
RACING—At Aqueduct, Aug. 30-Sept. 21.

TENNIS—U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Aug. 16-22.) . . . ¶ Women's Invitation Tournament. (Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I. Aug. 25-29.) . . . ¶ National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Aug. 28-Sept. 6.)

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Race Week. (Manhasset, L.I. Sept. 8-12.)

BALLET—New York City Ballet, at the City Center, Aug. 31-Oct. 10.

OTHER DATES—The Salzburg Festival, Salzburg, Austria, will continue through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ The Aspen Festival, Aspen, Colo., will continue through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ The International Festival of Music and Drama, Edinburgh, Scotland, Aug. 22-Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Ice Capades, at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 15-26. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Sept. 10-Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Quarterly federal income-tax payments are due Wednesday, Sept. 15.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

THE CAINE MUTINY—Queeg and the mutinous lads stalwartly enacted by a cast led by Humphrey Bogart and Van Johnson. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE—Alec Guinness, and just as funny as usual. This time, he's a nautical bigamist who lives a placid life with an English wife and a sportive one with a Moroccan beauty. Celia Johnson is Mr. Guinness's quiet girl, Yvonne De Carlo his lively one. An English picture. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 7, tentative.)

DIAL M FOR MURDER—Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams in Alfred Hitchcock's adaptation of the melodrama about a tennis player who wants to lob his wife to eternity. Not too long on movement, but it's frequently absorbing. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Aug. 11, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Aug. 8, tentative.)

GENEVIEVE—A thoroughly likable English film in which a pair of ancient-car fanatics try a run from London to Brighton and back with astonishing results. One of them takes his wife, the other takes a model, and all four are pleasant people. With John Gregson, Kenneth More, Dinah Sheridan, and Kay Kendall. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Aug. 7.)

KNOCK ON WOOD—Danny Kaye in a merry romp about an emotionally upset ventriloquist or something (it doesn't really matter) that launches him into all kinds of fine old comic routines. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Aug. 11, tentative.)

MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY—A French film in which the very funny comedian Jacques Tati runs through some reliable silent-film techniques, often to advantage. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

ON THE WATERFRONT—A fine dramatic interpretation of Malcolm Johnson's Pulitzer Prize-winning report on labor conditions on the docks of New York. Written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has as its leading character Marlon Brando, whose performance can't be faulted. Neither can the work of his associates, among them Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Lee J. Cobb. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

THE PICKWICK PAPERS—Sam P., Sam Weller, and all the old crowd in a movie that should please the Dickens buffs, even though it is quite lengthy. An English film. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Aug. 11.)

REVIVALS

COLONEL BLIMP (1945)—A British biography of a professional soldier, played by Roger Livesey. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Aug. 8-10.)

DESIRE (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Holiday, B'way at 47th, CI 5-5530; through Aug. 11, tentative.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Aug. 11.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (1947)—An English picture based on Dickens' story, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Aug. 11.)

LAST HOLIDAY (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his final fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Aug. 11.)

THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 8-10.)

100 MEN AND A GIRL (1937)—Leopold Stokowski, Deanna Durbin, and an orchestra. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 6.)

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT (1943)—A lynching out West. With Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 10-11.)

SHANGHAI EXPRESS (1932)—Revolutionaries and politics in the Orient. With Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. (Holiday, B'way at 47th, CI 5-5530; through Aug. 11, tentative.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Aug. 8: "The General" (1927), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 9: "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (1933), directed by Alexander Korda, with Charles Laughton, Merle Oberon, and Robert Donat. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ON THE WATERFRONT.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
THE CAINE MUTINY.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Living It Up," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Janet Leigh.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Pushover," Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey.

HOLIDAY, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
Through Aug. 11 (tentative): SHANGHAI EXPRESS, revival; and DESIRE, revival.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Apache," Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (in CinemaScope), Jane Powell, Howard Keel, Jeff Richards.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Aug. 6: "Ring of Fear" (in CinemaScope), Pat O'Brien, Sean McClory, Clyde Beatty.
From Aug. 7: To be announced.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner, Jean Peters.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Magnificent Obsession," Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson, Barbara Rush.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Susan Slept Here," Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Anne Francis.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"La Ronde" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

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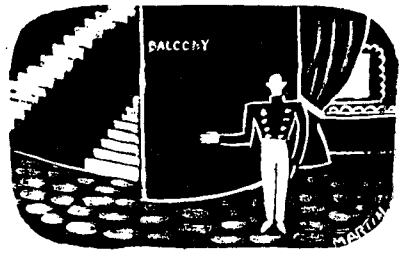

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 10 (tentative): "Out of This World," a documentary film of Tibet, photographed in color by Lowell Thomas and Lowell Thomas, Jr.; and "So Little Time," revival, Marius Goring.
From Aug. 11 (tentative): "Three Coins in the Fountain" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Aug. 7: "Gorilla at Large," Cameron Mitchell, Ann Bancroft; and "The Siege at Red River," Van Johnson, Joanne Dru.
Aug. 8-10: "Princess of the Nile," Jeffrey Hunter, Debra Paget; and "World for Ransom," Dan Duryea, Gene Lockhart.
From Aug. 11: "Garden of Evil" (in CinemaScope), Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Thy Neighbor's Wife," Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 10: THE PICKWICK PAPERS; and "Edge of Divorce," Valerie Hobson, Philip Friend.
From Aug. 11: KNOCK ON WOOD.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Aug. 7: "One Woman's Story," revival, Ann Todd, Claude Rains; and "Caravan," revival, Stewart Granger, Jean Kent.
Aug. 8-10: THE MALTESE FALCON, revival; and "People Will Talk," revival, Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain.
From Aug. 11: LAST HOLIDAY, revival; and GREAT EXPECTATIONS, revival.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Aug. 8: "Johnny Guitar," Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden; and "Hell's Half Acre," Evelyn Keyes, Wendell Corey.
Aug. 9-10: "El Alamein," Scott Brady, Edward Ashley; and "Bait," Cleo Moore, Hugo Haas.
From Aug. 11: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Man with a Million," Gregory Peck, Jane Griffiths, Ronald Squire.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 7: "Gorilla at Large," Cameron Mitchell, Ann Bancroft; and "The Siege at Red River," Van Johnson, Joanne Dru.
Aug. 8-10: "Princess of the Nile," Jeffrey Hunter, Debra Paget; and "World for Ransom," Dan Duryea, Gene Lockhart.
From Aug. 11: "Garden of Evil" (in CinemaScope), Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Thy Neighbor's Wife," Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (in French and English).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Valley of the Kings," Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Cowboy," a documentary film on the life of the American cowboy; and "The Stratford Adventure," a group of Shakespearean excerpts performed by Alec Guinness.

TRANS-LUX 60TH ST., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Victory at Sea," a documentary film of the Second World War, taken from the celebrated television series.

YORK, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Aug. 5: "Jack McCall, Desperado," George Montgomery, Angela Stevens; and "Affair in Monte Carlo," revival, Richard Todd, Merle Oberon.
Aug. 6-7: "Prince Valiant" (in CinemaScope), James Mason, Janet Leigh; "Three Young Texans," Mitzi Gaynor, Keefe Brasselle.
Aug. 8-9: "Them," James Whitmore, Edmund Gwenn; and "Riding Shotgun," Randolph Scott, Wayne Morris.
Aug. 10-11: "Elephant Walk," Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews; and "The Outcast," John Derek, Joan Evans.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Aug. 10 (tentative): "Three Coins in the Fountain" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire.
From Aug. 11 (tentative): KNOCK ON WOOD.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 11 (tentative): DIAL M FOR MURDER.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Aug. 8: "Johnny Guitar," Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden; and "Hell's Half Acre," Evelyn Keyes, Wendell Corey.
Aug. 9-10: "El Alamein," Scott Brady, Edward Ashley; and "Bait," Cleo Moore, Hugo Haas.
From Aug. 11: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

TRANS-LUX 72ND ST., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 7 (tentative): THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE.
From Aug. 8 (tentative): DIAL M FOR MURDER.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Aug. 7: "Elephant Walk," Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews; and "The Outcast," John Derek, Joan Evans.
Aug. 8-9: "The Enforcer," revival, Humphrey Bogart; and "The Narrow Margin," revival, Charles McGraw, Marie Windsor.
Aug. 10-11: "Carnival Story," Anne Baxter, Steve Cochran; and "The Bigamist," Edmond O'Brien, Joan Fontaine.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 7 (tentative): "Executive Suite," William Holden, June Allyson.
From Aug. 8 (tentative): "Elephant Walk," Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 7: "Gorilla at Large," Cameron Mitchell, Ann Bancroft; and "The Siege at Red River," Van Johnson, Joanne Dru.
Aug. 8-10: "Princess of the Nile," Jeffrey Hunter, Debra Paget; and "World for Ransom," Dan Duryea, Gene Lockhart.
From Aug. 11: "Garden of Evil" (in CinemaScope), Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Thy Neighbor's Wife," Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 8: "Johnny Guitar," Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden; and "Hell's Half Acre," Evelyn Keyes, Wendell Corey.
Aug. 9-10: "El Alamein," Scott Brady, Edward Ashley; and "Bait," Cleo Moore, Hugo Haas.
From Aug. 11: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Aug. 7: "Elephant Walk," Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews; and "The Miami Story," Barry Sullivan, Luther Adler.
Aug. 8-9: "Them," James Whitmore, Edmund Gwenn; and "Riding Shotgun," Randolph Scott, Wayne Morris.
Aug. 10-11: THE OX-BOW INCIDENT, revival; and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," revival, Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 11: "Pit of Loneliness" (in French), Edwige Feuillère, Simone Simon.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Mexican Bus Ride" (in Mexican dialect).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 8: "Johnny Guitar," Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden; and "Hell's Half Acre," Evelyn Keyes, Wendell Corey.
Aug. 9-10: "El Alamein," Scott Brady, Edward Ashley; and "Bait," Cleo Moore, Hugo Haas.
From Aug. 11: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 7: GENEVIEVE; and "Always a Bride," Peggy Cummins, Terence Morgan.
Aug. 8-10: COLONEL BLIMP, revival; and "One Woman's Story," revival, Ann Todd, Claude Rains.
From Aug. 11: THE PICKWICK PAPERS; and "Edge of Divorce," Valerie Hobson, Philip Friend.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Aug. 7: "Gorilla at Large," Cameron Mitchell, Ann Bancroft; and "The Siege at Red River," Van Johnson, Joanne Dru.
Aug. 8-10: "Princess of the Nile," Jeffrey Hunter, Debra Paget; and "World for Ransom," Dan Duryea, Gene Lockhart.
From Aug. 11: "Garden of Evil" (in CinemaScope), Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Thy Neighbor's Wife," Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Aug. 7: "Elephant Walk," Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews; and "The Outcast," John Derek, Joan Evans.
Aug. 8-9: "Private Eyes," Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall; and "Distant Drums," revival, Gary Cooper.
Aug. 10-11: "Crash Dive," revival, Anne Baxter, Tyrone Power; and "Anne of the Indies," revival, Jean Peters, Louis Jourdan.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Malta Story," Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, Anthony Steel.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Flamenco" (in Spanish).

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," Dan O'Herlihy, James Fernandez.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (in French), Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, Vittorio De Sica.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Hobson's Choice," Charles Laughton, John Mills.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Aug. 8: "Johnny Guitar," Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden; and "Hell's Half Acre," Evelyn Keyes, Wendell Corey.
Aug. 9-10: "El Alamein," Scott Brady, Edward Ashley; and "Bait," Cleo Moore, Hugo Haas.
From Aug. 11: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 5: A program of ten short films on music—"Songs Without Words," "Music of India," and others.
Aug. 6: 100 MEN AND A GIRL, revival; and "A Song to Remember," revival, Merle Oberon, Cornel Wilde.
Aug. 7: "The Grand Concert" (in Russian), revival, a film made up of selections from various Russian operas and ballets; and "Mussorgsky" (in Russian), revival.
Aug. 8: "La Bohème," revival, Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth; and "Il Trovatore" (in Italian), revival, Enzo Mascherini.
Aug. 9: A program of several short films on music—"Jacques Thibaud," "Piatigorsky," and others.
Aug. 10: "Marriage of Figaro" (in German), revival, Erna Berger; and "The Mozart Story," revival, Hans Holt.
Aug. 11: A program of ten short films of the dance—"The Dying Swan," "Waltz of the Flowers Ballet," and others.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Aug. 8: "Johnny Guitar," Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden; and "Hell's Half Acre," Evelyn Keyes, Wendell Corey.
Aug. 9-10: "El Alamein," Scott Brady, Edward Ashley; and "Bait," Cleo Moore, Hugo Haas.
From Aug. 11: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Aug. 7: "Gorilla at Large," Cameron Mitchell, Ann Bancroft; and "The Siege at Red River," Van Johnson, Joanne Dru.
Aug. 8-10: "Princess of the Nile," Jeffrey Hunter, Debra Paget; and "World for Ransom," Dan Duryea, Gene Lockhart.
From Aug. 11: "Garden of Evil" (in CinemaScope), Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Thy Neighbor's Wife," Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore.

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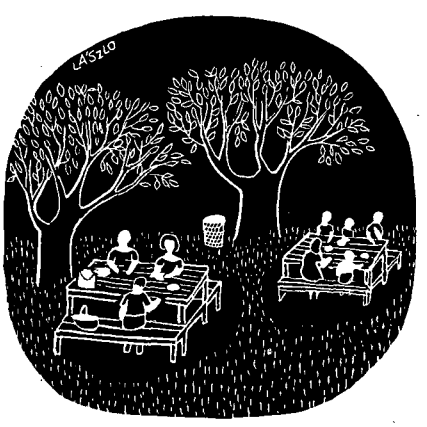
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TOWARD sundown on the hottest of those hot afternoons last week, we were suspended at a point precisely halfway between Park Row, Manhattan, and Sands Street, Brooklyn, and a hundred and forty-odd feet above mean-high water, and we were cool. What suspended us was, of course, the Brooklyn Bridge, which was officially reopened in May, after four years and seven million dollars' worth of reconstruction, and what kept us cool was a stiff breeze blowing upriver from the Bay. The wooden footway we stood on, tucked between and slightly above the roadways and running uphill and down from brown tower to brown tower, has long been a favorite strolling place of ours, and we had recollected from the old, pre-reconstruction days that no matter how hot it might get elsewhere in the city it was almost always cool on the bridge. The strange thing was that scarcely anyone else seemed to be aware that the Roeblings bequeathed us air-conditioning along with their masterpiece—that their noble cat's cradle of cables might have been strung there especially to give men refreshment on such a day, when the streets crosshatching either shore lay shaking in a very ague of heat. For on the whole length of the bridge and during all the time that it took us to dawdle across it, we encountered only two people. One was a sailor, who was drawing with care, in pencil, on the clapboard wall of an untenanted policeman's shanty, a three-masted schooner under full sail. In the waves split by the prow he had printed the word "Genova." In the curly wake of the ship he had printed the word "Amerigo." The other sharer of the bridge was an old gentleman seated on a bench at the Brooklyn end, where the wind blew hardest. Wearing a black serge suit, high black shoes, and a pearl stickpin in his tie, he had his long nose buried in a book, and we put him down for a retired undertaker's assistant. On the tip of his nose was the faintest hint of frost.

WE had begun our stroll across the bridge with misgivings. It was our first visit since the reopening, and we were uncertain how much the old beauty might have been tampered with in the dread name of improvement. We found to our relief that D. B. Steinman, the engineer in charge of reconstructing it, has made as few changes as possible and that these changes have diminished neither its grace nor its familiarity. The two intermediate trusses that used to run down the middle of the bridge are gone; the two outer trusses have been heightened and strengthened and are joined by horizontal struts to the two remaining inner trusses; and the elevated-railroad tracks, the trolley tracks, and the four narrow vehicular roadways are gone and in their place are six broad vehicular roadways. As for the footway, its deck is still of wood and it still boasts the lights and benches with which it was furnished in the eighties. One can still glimpse the silvery river under one's feet, with what Whitman called its "crested and scallop-edg'd waves." "Receive the summer sky, you water," Walt admonished the East River, "and faithfully hold it till all downcast eyes have time to take it from you." We loitered on the bridge, giving the river its chance to be faithful, and it was. The sky darkened, but no sooner than we wished it to. Despite the heat, it was time to pierce the labyrinth of Brooklyn, commandeer a taxi, and be driven home. We had made our reacquaintance with the bridge. We had satisfied ourself that it was good now for a hundred years, or five hundred. We could feel in our palm, as we walked away, the pulse of the railing we had grasped while crossing it.



Micronesian

IT isn't often that a Micronesian comes to town, and we were delighted to have a talk with one the other day. A charming and eloquent native of the Marshall Islands named Dwight Heine, he came here to complain to the United Nations about the H-bomb tests that the United States has been carrying out in that once comparatively hushed and dreamy corner of the Pacific. (This country administers, on the basis of a trusteeship agreement with the U.N., what is known as the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands—island groups comprising the Marshalls, the Carolines, and the Marianas, with the exception of Guam—and it is worth noting that Heine has been making his complaint against us as our guest; open disagreements openly arrived at are the very thing the U.N. was devised to solve.) The H-bomb explosion that took place last March produced a fall-out of radioactive ash on the inhabited islands of Rongelap and Uterik, both of which had to be evacuated, and some of the eighty residents of Rongelap suffered burns, loss of hair, intestinal disorders, and a lowered blood count. The Marshallese Congress was understandably aroused, and drew up a protest to the Trusteeship Council. As the prin-

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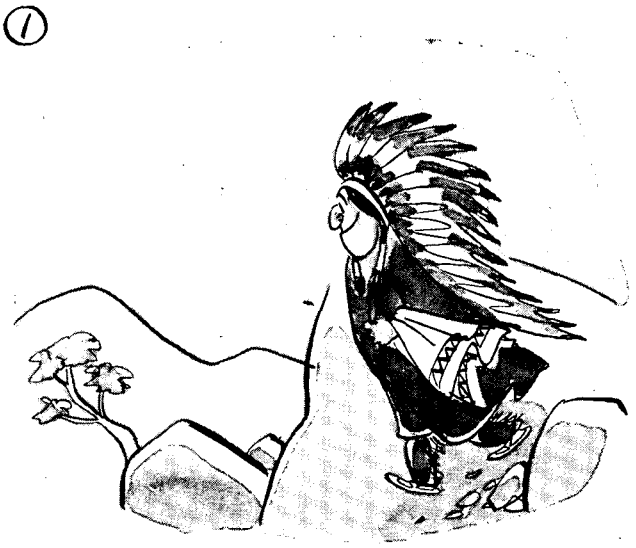

cipal draftsman of the protest, Heine followed it here in person.

We located Heine in the Trusteeship Council Chamber, where he was listening through earphones to a simultaneous translation, in English, of an attack being delivered in Russian by the Soviet delegate to the Council, Semyon K. Tsarapkin, on the role of the United States as a trustee in the Pacific. Heine took off his earphones and led us out into the quiet of an adjoining corridor. Thirty-four years old, stocky, and brown-skinned, with jet-black hair and a dazzling smile, Heine assured us that the Marshallese had drawn up their protest more in sorrow than anger. "We knew that the Soviets would use it as a weapon against this country," he said. "The truth is that we respect the United States. As we say in our petition, we have found its administration of us the most agreeable in our memory. In the old days, under the Japanese, no Marshallese would have dared to send a petition to the League of Nations." Heine added that he had no reason to regard the Japanese favorably: One day during the Second World War, his grandfather, who was of German and Australian ancestry and from whom he inherited his not at all Micronesian names, and his mother and father, islanders but technically British subjects, were beheaded, along with six American fliers, in a Japanese naval prison camp. After the war, the commandant of the camp avoided punishment by committing hara-kiri. Heine remembers his grandfather as a great man. Running away from his home in Australia, he shipped on a whaler, took part in a mutiny, served a term in a Singapore jail, and became a trader in the Marshalls. "Copra and guns," Heine said. "The islanders used to be a pretty warlike crew. Then he met my grandmother and married her. Actually married her—a native girl. Later, he turned missionary. He was eighty-five when they killed him, and still straight and active and full of life."

The Marshalls, Carolines, and Marianas were a German colony until the end of the First World War, and a Japanese mandate until the end of the Second. The three groups cover an area the size of the United States but have a land mass about half that of Rhode Island. Except at low tide, there are only thirty-four islands in the Marshalls, of which the largest is Kwajalein. The Marshalls have a population of eleven thousand people, and the chief source of livelihood is copra. Heine got his early education in an American Congregational mission school in the Carolines. During the war, the Japanese put him to work in the phosphate mines on his home atoll of Ebon. "For three years, I dug, dug, dug," he said. "When the Americans landed on Ebon, they came looking for me. I was astonished. It turned out that they had heard of me from the missionaries, and wanted me to help with the schooling of the islanders, under the supervision of the military government." Besides his mission and Army book learning, Heine has studied at the University of Hawaii and, on a U.N. fellowship, has made a survey of the native school systems of New Zealand, Samoa, and the Fijis. Currently, he is superintendent of elementary schools in the Marshalls and a representative in the House of Assembly of the Marshallese Congress, which has an advisory status vis-à-vis the local American administration. The sense of the Marshallese protest to the U.N. is that they would like us please to drop our bombs elsewhere—at the very least, to drop them with more discretion. "We had no warning of the last explosion," Heine said. "No one knew what to do. On Rongelap, much danger could have been avoided if the people had known enough not to drink water after the dust fell."

As Heine started to go back into the Council Chamber, we were joined by Delmas Nucker, Deputy High Commissioner of the Trust Territory. We asked him how the United States felt about the protest. "Naturally, we wish the islanders hadn't gone straight to the Council," Nucker said. "Still, they have every right to do so, and we sympathize with their reasons. They were assured that something wouldn't happen, and something certainly did. By the way, the Russians haven't got anywhere with Dwight. They assumed he was an American stooge, and the first question the Soviet representative on the Standing Committee on Petitions asked was 'Whom does he represent?' Dwight replied, very forcefully, 'I represent the Marshallese people.' The Russians have left him alone ever since."

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BRITISH INTELLIGENCE: Printed notice in the saloon bar of the Friend at Hand, Bloomsbury, London: "Ladies unaccompanied by a gentleman will please leave after a suitable time for refreshment."

By Vote

WORD that the Bayonne refinery of the Esso Standard Oil Company, hitherto a drab wasteland of dark-red, black, and aluminum-colored furnaces, storage tanks, and machine shops, was in the midst of being painted all colors of the rainbow and then some led us to make inquiries at the

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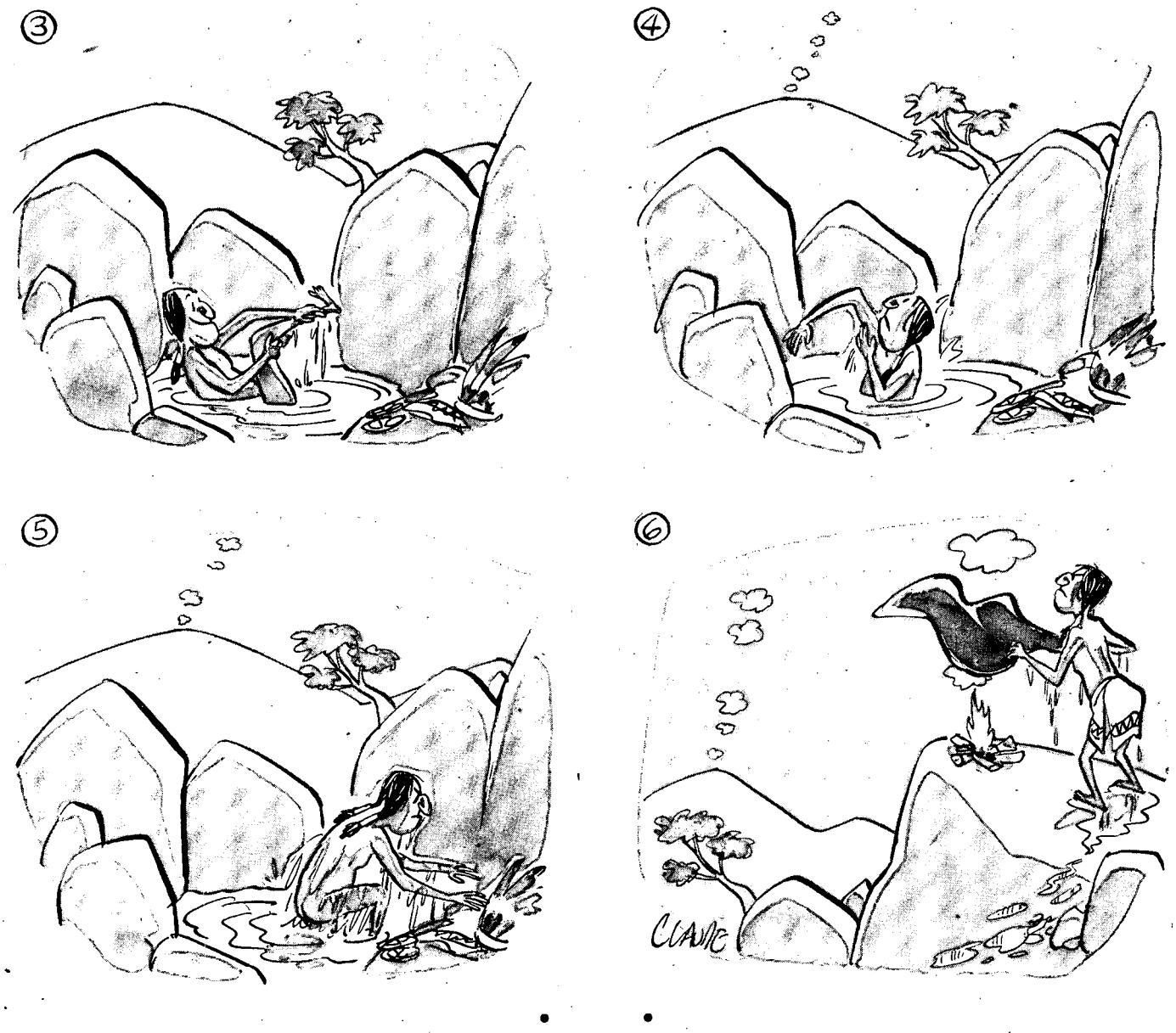

Esso offices in Rockefeller Center, which led in turn to our being furnished with a chauffeur and limousine, in which we bowled out to Bayonne one morning last week. Once inside the refinery gates, we glanced about for signs of the promised chromatic revolution. Most of the structures along the way proved to be wearing their accustomed gloomy shades, but here and there we caught a glimpse of a chartreuse tank or a tangle of vivid blue pipes, and as we approached headquarters we passed several low buildings decked out in daffodil yellow and a chalk-white tower whose base was banded with Kelly green. At the administration building, we were met by David F. Edwards, assistant general superintendent of the plant, who, though a hardheaded engineer, gave us to understand at once that he considers the new décor an advance.

Well, but why color, we asked—Esso getting aesthetic? "No, just getting more efficient," Mr. Edwards replied. "A couple of years ago, we began experimenting with color at our Baton Rouge plant. Efficiency went up an average of fifteen per cent. Apparently, it's a matter of giving the men more pride in where they work and therefore in how skillfully they work. Comes down to the fact that a man sinks or rises to the level of his environment. A year ago, we started experimenting here. We didn't bother to consult an industrial psychologist about what colors to use; we just got an architect to draw up a chart of twelve basic colors and twenty-five gradations of those colors. The architect assured us that the different colors wouldn't clash, and we hope he's right. The reason we can't risk clashing colors is that we make no effort to control what gets painted what. The selection of colors is left to the foreman and crew of the particular piece of property being painted. Sometimes the men have trouble reaching a decision and have to vote over and over, like a political convention. Recently, we had a near riot in the electric shop. In the end, aqua blue won out over white. Myself, I'd have voted with the minority on that one."

Before the new painting program got under way, the refinery had a permanent paint-maintenance crew of fifteen. Now it has a crew of seventy-five. Edwards estimates that it will take three years to redo the whole establishment, which covers three hundred and thirty acres, has over four million square feet of paintable surfaces, and, for a two-coat job, will use up a minimum of twenty thousand gallons of paint. He ushered us outside and into a company car, and we set forth, slowly and joltingly, over the pitted dirt roads that crisscross the refinery. In some sections, every structure in sight was newly painted, and the effect was as bold and

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gay as that of an immense basket of Easter eggs. We came on a tower that had just been painted red and blue, which was plainly a surprise to Edwards. He stopped the car and, calling to a burly man halfway up a ladder affixed to the tower, asked him what the two colors were called. "Fiesta rose and stratosphere blue," the man bawled down to us. "Damned if it didn't go to six votes before we settled on them." Edwards drove on, through a pastel forest of tanks and towers, explaining as we went that the refinery produces lubricating oil and, as by-products of that process, wax and asphalt. On arriving at the fuel-products section, we discovered that its quarter-mile-long loading rack was painted nursery pink, while the loading spouts along the platform were baby blue. "This is an especially successful paint job," he said. "Used to be all dreary gray. Our customers use wax for such things as bread wrappers and milk cartons, and they like getting their wax out of nice, cheerful-looking equipment. Our wax sales are going up."

On the way to the waterfront, Mr. Edwards called our attention to a lavender furnace. "For heating crude oil," he said. "See the black streak down the side of the tower? That's spillage, which results from faulty handling or faulty equipment. Our furnaces used to be painted black to conceal spillage. With light colors, the men are more careful, and if the equipment is at fault, we find it out fast. That streak there was caused by a leaky valve. In the old days, it might have gone on leaking for weeks." At the waterfront, where ocean-going tankers were discharging oil, we admired white retaining walls and bulkheads; in a pipe shop, we admired machines in shades of red, buff, and orange. "We're also beginning to tile the floors of our buildings," Edwards said. "That means we're going to have to pave all our streets to keep from tracking mud and oil in over the tiles. Once you start fixing a place up, it's hard to tell where to stop. Maybe we can't make this refinery beautiful, but we can make it a lot cleaner and neater than it used to be, and if the other refineries around here follow our lead, Bayonne will be a blaze of color—dawn yellow, coral pink, and heaven knows what."

Shoe

WE have been getting around the countryside a good deal this summer and are able, as a result of a recent weekend spent in one of the horsy sections of Virginia, to render a brief report on the village-smithy situation. There was a severe thunderstorm, and a heavy gale, on the evening we arrived, and next morning, while we were bracing ourself for a before-breakfast canter, a small truck arrived, bearing a sign "Television Aerials Repaired." Two young men jumped out and asked our host if the storm had damaged his aerial. He said no, as a matter of fact it hadn't, and then added, rather mysteriously, we thought, "But since you're here, you might as well check the horses." The young men nodded and drove the truck down to the stables, where, with our own two eyes, we saw them unload a portable anvil, a charcoal grill, a pair of bellows, and some spare horseshoes. When we started off for our canter on a sound little mare named Flame, they were happily at work on the near forefoot of a gelding named Top o' Morning.

Aunt Fannie

THE "Fannie Farmer Cook Book," sometimes known as the "Boston Cook Book" and sometimes, though more rarely, known in its full splendor as the "Boston Cooking-School Cook Book," by Fannie Merritt Farmer, has been a culinary and publishing staple for so long—it was first published in 1896 and a total of 2,748,000 copies have been printed—that when we recently met Miss Farmer's niece by marriage, Mrs. Dexter Perkins, and learned from her that she has been the editor of Miss Farmer's literary remains for the past twenty-five years, we combined business and pleasure and asked her to tell us something about how one keeps a work of that most perishable order alive. Mrs. Perkins responded with spirit, and in the course of a twenty-minute talk touched on at least twenty topics, from paleontology to shrimps Polonaise. A handsome and debonair lady, whose husband was for many years professor of history at the University of Rochester and has just been named John L. Senior Professor of American Civilization at Cornell, Mrs. Perkins told us that she was passing through town on her way to the Perkinses' summer place in Harvard, Massachusetts. The Perkinses' Harvard has nothing to do with the drowsy little New England college of the same name; it is a village in the Nashua valley, and its chief claim to fame is that it is the highest point of land between Boston and Mount Wachusett. "We live in the house that Aunt Fannie built shortly before her death, in 1915," Mrs. Perkins said. "It has a nice, big kitchen."

Between 1915 and 1929, when Mrs. Perkins took over, the cookbook was edited by Professor Perkins' mother, a sister of Fannie Farmer. "At first I felt self-conscious about changing anything Aunt Fannie had written," Mrs. Perkins said. "After all, she was a great pioneer in the art and science of cooking—she was called the Mother of Level Measurements, because until she came along measurements in recipes were given roughly, as 'scant cupful,' 'rounded teaspoon,' and so on—and for many years her book was practically alone in its field. Then I realized that, as a pioneer, Aunt Fannie would want her book kept abreast of the latest developments. In her day, there were no refrigerators, deep freezes, electric blenders, or pressure cookers, and they had nothing like the variety of foods to choose from that we have nowadays, especially in winter. What they *did* have was plenty of servants, and they thought nothing of serving dinners of ten or twelve courses. I've dropped almost all of the fancy recipes that servants, if you could find them and could afford them once you'd found them, would no longer be expected to make—such things as candied violets and orange-pekoe ice cream. In their place, I've put dishes that a busy housewife can turn out quickly and easily; interesting foreign dishes, especially casseroles that make good use of leftovers; and dishes that take advantage of our contemporary cooking utensils and stoves."

Mrs. Perkins puts out a new edition of the cookbook about once every five years. Between editions, she tests new recipes here and abroad. "My husband and I do a great deal of travelling, and whenever we run across a delicious new

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"Er— we'll wait for the next one, thanks."

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dish somewhere, I ask for the recipe. So far, no one has refused me. I also spend a good deal of time answering letters of inquiry and, sometimes, of abuse. I try to make the directions in the book perfectly clear, but it's only natural that when a person makes a mess of a dish, he would rather blame the recipe than himself." Mrs. Perkins likes to cook and considers herself a pretty good cook. The fact is, though, that her family has an academic rather than a gastronomic bent. The elder of the Perkinses' two sons is a teacher of history at U.C.L.A.; the younger, who scared his parents half to death by being tempted for a while to go into business, has luckily gone into paleontology instead. (His specialty is almost enough to make us wish we had gone into paleontology, too; it's the prehistory of domestic animals.)

As we were concluding our talk, Mrs. Perkins asked us if we would like to print one of the new recipes that will be going into the next edition of Fannie Farmer, several years hence. We said we would indeed, and here it is—our first great cooking scoop:

SHRIMPS POLONAISE

2 pounds shrimps	¼ cup parsley, cut very fine
½ teaspoon salt	¼ cup dry sherry
1 clove garlic	cayenne, paprika, Worcestershire
½ cup butter	
¾ cup bread crumbs*	

Clean and cook shrimps, or use canned shrimps.

Crush garlic with salt,** add to the butter and cream well. Stir in crumbs and parsley. Add the sherry slowly. Taste and season more highly, if you like, with paprika, cayenne, and a drop or two of Worcestershire.

Put half the shrimps in a shallow baking dish. Dot with half the crumb mixture. Repeat.

Bake at 375° for 25 minutes.

*Not too fine. Homemade ones are best.

**Don't bother with a garlic press. Put the garlic clove on the salt on a wooden board and crush with the tip of a table knife. The garlic becomes almost liquid.

Man vs. Birds

A RESOLUTE bird-hater—habitat Englewood, New Jersey—was awakened early one morning last month by infuriating cheeps only a few feet from his pillow. He went to the window, and found that a pair of English sparrows had entered a couple of apertures in an air-conditioner and were noisily putting together a nest. He called a repairman, who cleaned the nest out and covered the apertures with wire screening. The bird-hater then went on a two-week trip to poison out-of-town pigeons. Returning on a warm day, he turned the conditioner on and was rewarded with phrenetic rattles, chirps, and flutterings. He peered inside and noted with horror and admiration a family of sparrows in a nest constructed of the usual materials, plus fine strands of wire screening. Were the occupants the aforementioned home builders or a new bunch? This is a question only a seasoned aviculturist could answer, but he says they looked odiously familiar, and that is why his horror was compounded with admiration, for he admires tenacity and resourcefulness, wherever found.

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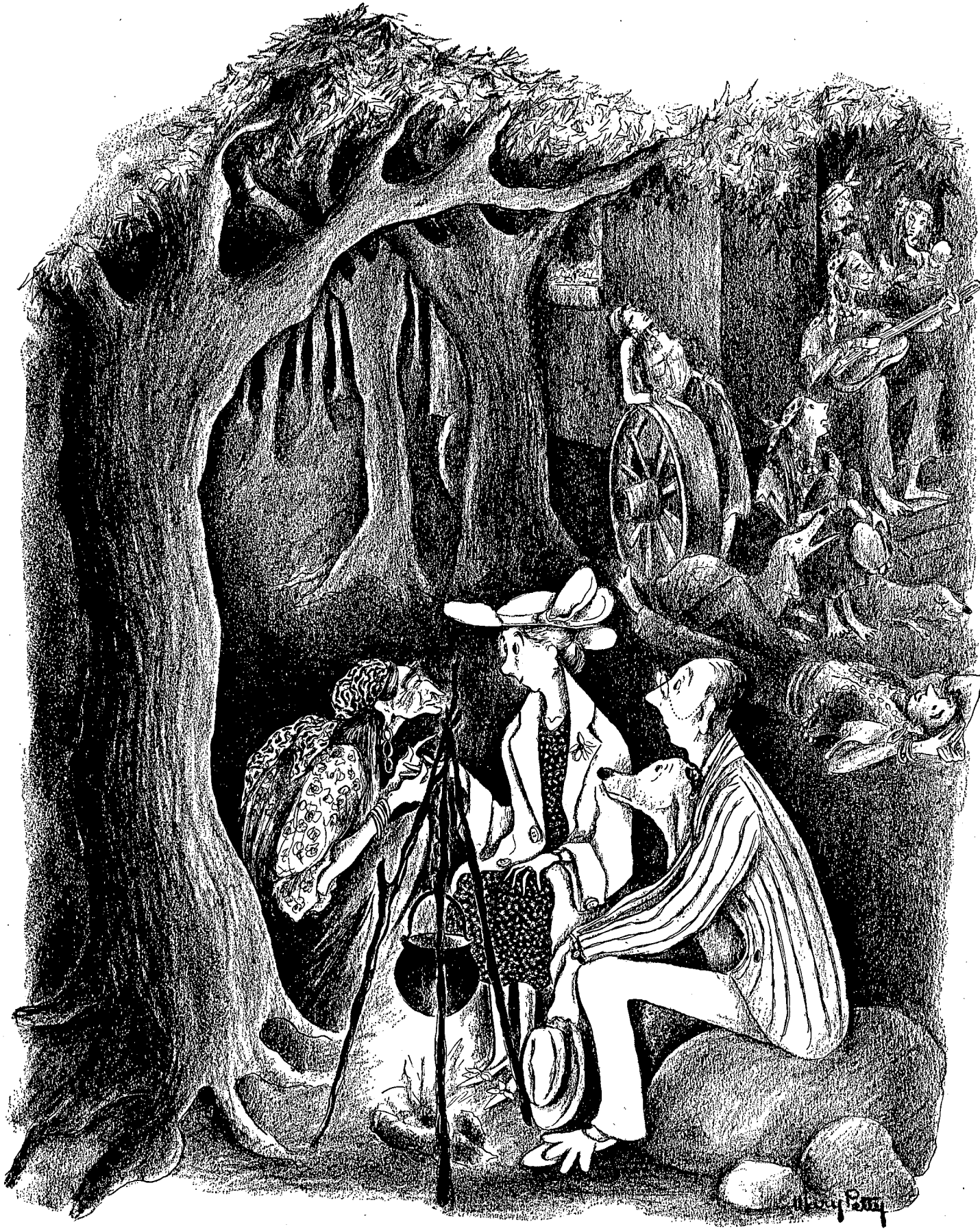

"Strange—I never saw these lines before except on a catalpa leaf."

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A MATTER OF OBSERVATION

AS I reported in these pages some months ago, I am by nature and circumstance a mayor-watcher—that is, a watcher of mayors of the City of New York. I am an old hand at this game. I have watched LaGuardia, O'Dwyer, Impellitteri, and Wagner. I got mixed up in this thing because I am the sort of fellow who spends a great deal of time just looking out the sitting-room window. My sitting-room window overlooks Gracie Mansion, the official residence of the mayor, in Carl Schurz Park, at East End Avenue and Eighty-eighth Street, and when I look out I have a commanding view of the Mansion, and, on occasion, of the mayor and his family.

When I last mentioned my mayor-watching activities, the Impellitteris were about to move out and the Wagners were about to move in. Mayor Impellitteri's term ended on December 31st of last year, and for several days before that an orange moving van stood in the driveway of the Mansion. I was doing only a routine amount of watching at the time, and I must confess that I did not see so much as a stick of furniture removed from the house. The Impellitteris must have removed *something;* otherwise, there can be no accounting for the presence of the van. The fact remains, though, that if anything was removed, it was removed when I was not looking, or at night, when visibility tends to be poor for mayor-watching. In any event, Mrs. Impellitteri departed from the Mansion grounds on the afternoon of December 31st. She drove away in a sporty-looking car—it was a Cadillac, as I recall—and, as far as I know, nobody but myself and the policeman standing at the gate saw her leave. The day was cold and dreary, and her exit struck me as somewhat lonely and sad. The policeman saluted her as the car drove through the gate, and she waved goodbye to him, and then, unexpectedly and with a splendid grace, continued to flutter her hand. There was no one on the street to wave back at her. I suddenly found myself waving, but too late. She could not possibly have seen me. She was not looking up, and the car was headed away from me. I have no idea when Impellitteri himself left.

For several nights after Mrs. Impellitteri's departure, the Mansion was dark. There was not even a light in the police booth alongside its gates. Mr. Cahill, the doorman at Doctors Hospital (which is across the street from the Mansion, and slightly to the south of my house), is a gentleman of great warmth, and an impressive repository of neighborhood information. He told me that he had heard from reliable sources that the Wagners planned to move in by Tuesday, the fifth of January. A Mrs. Wagner—no relation to the Mayor—had been engaged as housekeeper, he said. She was a neighborhood lady, and resided on Eighty-eighth Street. Mr. Cahill seemed delighted with this arrangement.

On the afternoon of the fourth of January a long black limousine stood parked in the driveway, and I assumed that Mr. Cahill's information had been correct. For once, he was wrong, though. After standing for an hour or so, the car drove away, and the Mansion was dark again that night. The fifth came and went. Then the sixth and the seventh, and still no Wagners. I was about to concede that my career had come to an end when, late in the afternoon of the eighth, I saw Mrs. Robert Wagner walk through the Mansion gates, accompanied by a policeman. Shortly thereafter, a large number of limousines drove in. Some sort of shindig was being held at the Mansion, but as darkness fell, all the lights went out and the place appeared to be deserted. About the eleventh of January, quite a few painters arrived, driving small coupés and wearing their white painters' suits. They were around for most of the rest of the month, showing up early each morning, filling the circular driveway with their small cars, and departing late in the afternoon. The neighborhood talk was that Mrs. Wagner, having learned that the Mansion had not been painted for some time, had ordered the job done. Like any sensible housewife, she preferred to have colors of her own choice in her new home.

The Wagners officially moved into the Mansion on the afternoon of January 25th. I was greatly relieved. They have two boys—Robert III, who is ten, and Duncan, who is seven—and there was no lack of activity on the grounds even during the first afternoon. Both boys brought their bicycles with them, and they rolled around and around the driveway. When they tired of cycling, they went out on the lawn and tossed a ball back and forth. Several policemen stood watching them. At suppertime, the Mayor came home. Lights blazed in all the rooms of the Mansion, and I had a sense of well-being. There was something pleasant about the fact that the Wagner family was finally installed amidst the freshly painted rooms of the house built some hundred and fifty years ago by Archibald Gracie, who wanted a summer home overlooking the wild waters of Hell Gate.

The day had been a hard one for me at the window, and I decided to turn in early, but I found that sleep did not come easily, and some time around two o'clock in the morning, I began to prowl through the house in search of something to read. Automatically, I glanced out the sitting-room window. To my surprise, all the lights in the Mansion were on. I sat down in a chair near the window and began to read. I must have fallen asleep, for suddenly I awoke with a start, looked at my watch, saw that it was four o'clock, and, again automatically, glanced out the window. All the lights were still on. I could see that the Wagners were going to be a formidable challenge to a mayor-watcher, and that to carry out my duties properly would require every ounce of my strength and my reserve. Strangely, this stimulating thought induced sleep.

NOTHING much happened across the street for a couple of weeks. Contrary to the expectations I had formed that first night, the lights went out quite regularly each evening. The light in a room that I assumed was occupied by the younger boy was doused at approximately eight o'clock—a proper time for a lad his age. The dining-room lights went on at dinnertime, and went off an hour or so later. Splendid, splendid. The Mayor's official car would often slide into the driveway after eleven-thirty at night, and the Mayor and his wife—returning, no doubt, from some official function—would hop out of the car and enter the Mansion. Several minutes later, a light would flash on in the pantry. I liked to think of the Mayor and Mrs. Wagner enjoying a glass of beer and a bit of cheese before retiring. Afternoons, when school was out, the boys would be on the lawn or in the driveway, wheeling and circling on their bikes. Guests arrived and departed. No large parties were held. The Mayor put white lights back in the carriage lanterns that illuminate the gates. LaGuardia had green lights, O'Dwyer white, and Impellitteri highway yellow.

Boy Scouts turned up on the Mansion grounds on the afternoon of February

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"Could you let me have a fiver till Sunday?"

12th. I believe it was the coldest day of the year. I was idly watching some barges and tugs on the river, and congratulating myself on being indoors, when the Scouts arrived, with their cooking equipment and four tents that, when pitched, looked like lean-tos and were open on one side. At the time, the temperature was in the neighborhood of twenty degrees, but, undaunted, the boys pitched their tents, held a trooping of the colors, and busily went about their Scoutish pursuits. At about four o'clock, I saw Mrs. Wagner, all bundled up, emerge from the Mansion accompanied by her younger son. They greeted the Scouts, who, in turn, presented the Wagners with a statuette of an Indian, and a cake. The Wagners immediately returned to the house. Within a couple of hours the temperature had dropped to seventeen degrees. I was curious to know why the Scouts had pitched their tents on the lawn, and was also filled with a sense of guilt at being able to see them from a steam-heated room, so around suppertime I bundled myself up and went across the street to the police booth. A policeman cautiously opened the window of the booth and, blowing on his hands, asked me what I wanted. I said I had been wondering what the Boy Scouts were doing. "Celebrating the forty-fourth year of Scouting in America," he said, closing the window.

I walked alongside the iron fence that surrounds the Mansion grounds until I came close to the tents and the Scouts. There were eight boys and two Scoutmasters, and from the expression on their faces one would have thought they were spending the summer in the jungles of Brazil. There was not a tinge of cold or a touch of blue to their faces. "Codfish cake, Mister?" a Scout asked me. He was hovering over a charcoal stove. I said fine, and he handed me a codfish cake through the fence. Excellent. The boys said that Mrs. Wagner, a woman with motherly instincts, had invited them to spend the night in the boiler room of Gracie Mansion. Oh, no, the Scouts had replied. They would spend the night on the lawn.

I went home, and from time to time during the evening looked out the window. The last time I checked the temperature, it was twelve degrees. I could see the gay charcoal fires, and the lean-tos flapping in the breeze. Once during the evening I saw the Scouts scurry into the boiler room and scurry out again, and once, too, I saw a figure not unlike that of the Mayor rush from the house, peer into the lean-tos, and head back for the Mansion.

A STRANGE and unexpected thing happened in the spring. I was looking out the window one afternoon, watching the cops, who, in turn, were watching the boys on their bikes, when I suddenly realized that I couldn't see as well as I had in the past. There was something about the foliage in front of my window and across the street that was obscuring my view (East End Avenue is one of those blessed New York streets that still have substantial trees.) The elms outside my window appeared to be more verdant and luxurious than at any time within my memory. Furthermore, Mr. Moses, the Park Commissioner, appeared to have done a superb job of planting trees and bushes in Carl Schurz Park, and now, many years after their planting, they had come into their full-blown beauty. From the point of view of the citizens of the neighborhood, Mr. Moses' foresight is a matter for civic appreciation and pride. People in the neighborhood, strolling along East End Avenue, or through the park, now see a rich display of large lindens, elms, and locusts, of pin oaks and sycamores. There are hawthorns, too, and magnolias, and the shrubs are a wonderment of variety—evergreen, rhododendron, azalea, and small-leaved holly.

A situation of this sort is, as I say, excellent for neighborhood people and nature lovers, but it is hell on a mayor-watcher. In the past, I had been able to observe a good deal of what was going on around the Mansion even during the deepest summer months. This year, I might as well have been living

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in the middle of a forest, and I felt pretty blue about the situation. For some time, I glumly looked out the window at the elms and the azaleas, sadly recalling the good old days when a chap could exercise his right to view his duly-elected mayor, but one day it occurred to me that, although I was cut off from my usual view, I was still not cut off, as a citizen, from the Mayor. If I could not watch the Mayor from across the street, perhaps I could cross the street and watch the Mayor at closer range. I got in touch with the Mayor, and he said to come on over.

I had a delightful visit. I went over one Saturday afternoon, walked through the gate I had so often looked out upon, and was stopped by the policeman in the booth. He asked my name, checked it against a list he had, and waved me on. The Mayor's Cadillac, with license plate 338, was parked in the driveway. I went up a short flight of blue-canopied steps, and found myself on the front porch. The porch is long and broad and looks out upon a stunning level lawn, which ends at what appears to be the edge of the East River. Actually, a public walk separates the lawn from the river, but it is not visible from the porch.

The Mayor's two sons and several other children were playing ball on the lawn. Two policemen stood watching them, and several tall, quiet-looking gentlemen in gray suits were standing near some bushes, also observing the boys. I assumed that the tall gentlemen were detectives. (One naturally assumes that tall gentlemen in gray suits, on the Mayor's lawn, near the bushes, are detectives. They might, of course, have been job-hunters.) Suddenly, down at the far end of the lawn, near some bushes by the fence, the Mayor came into view, pulled along at a fast clip by a perky Welsh terrier. He spied me, evidently guessed I was the man he was expecting, waved, and was on the porch in a flash, thanks to the jet-propulsion qualities of the terrier. The Mayor and I shook hands and started toward the front door. I noticed two pairs of roller skates, and a kite attached to a fishing rod, just outside it. We entered the wide and elegant foyer of the Mansion. The house was cool and high-ceilinged, and had the charm of a country house somewhere in the tidewater of Virginia. The Mayor told me to make myself at home; he wanted to put the dog back in the kitchen.

I wandered about by myself for a few minutes. The foyer contained a huge grandfather clock, several chairs and a sofa, and a large guestbook lying on a table near the door. I peeked into it, and noticed that the name Robert Wagner III appeared on almost every page. I gathered that almost every time the Mayor's older son enters the Mansion he signs his name. I walked into a quiet, formal sitting room, to the right of the foyer. It, too, was cool and high-ceilinged, and had many windows. For a moment, I felt that I was not in the tidewater but in a scene from "Berkeley Square"—that I was truly back in the eighteenth century. In a short while, the Mayor's wife entered the room. She is a handsome, blue-eyed, blond twentieth-century lady. She was wearing a smart tweed suit, and she said she was having trouble finding vases for her flowers. "You wouldn't believe it," she said, "but I can't find vases. The other day, it was clippers. I couldn't find clippers. The Park Department man who has the key to the clipper cabinet had gone, and I couldn't find clippers. I've tried to make the house look nice all over. Do you like this room? There were Venetian blinds in almost all of the rooms, and they cut off the view of the grounds and the river, and I took them down, and now we can see all over."

She smiled, and I could tell that she loved the view. "Don't you think I was right to take down the Venetian blinds?" she asked. I said I certainly did. She told me that when she went through the Mansion before moving in, many of the rooms were decorated in dark and heavy colors. They had depressed her, and had seemed out of tune with the essential lightness of the house. She had replaced the dark colors with shades of buff and pastel blue. The room in which we were standing had light-blue draperies, several mirrors, eleven chairs, two love seats,

"Thanks very much, but that wasn't me who called for help."

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and a sofa. There were some large oils on the walls, including a portrait of Miss Walkerby, by John Opie (1761-1807). "This is really the formal reception room," Mrs. Wagner said. "I'll show you the smaller sitting room."

We crossed through the foyer and went to a room at the opposite end of the house. This room had white, rose, and beige draperies, with a design of wreaths, arrows, and eagles; two tall breakfront bookcases, each topped by a small bust of George Washington; and the quiet of the past that I had sensed in the other room. The Mayor was seated there, on a couch. Mrs. Wagner and I sat down, too, and for a few moments there was silence. The Mayor was watching me. This was a new experience for me, but I felt it was the Mayor's prerogative. Of course, I watched the Mayor, too. He seemed completely relaxed, and there was a friendly twinkle in his eyes. I started to say something but stopped, since it was evident that the Mayor was still watching me. "I understand that you watch mayors," he said. I nodded. "I was worried the night we moved in," he said, "because our youngest, Duncan, got up during the middle of the night and turned on the lights in almost every room in the house. I figured that if you were watching, you would certainly think we were a wild crowd. Actually, we all went to bed quite early. Duncan was out of the house before dawn that first morning, and down to the police booth. He loves the police booth. His room overlooks it, and he chose the room because he likes to look at policemen. You know, when the Boy Scouts slept on the lawn, he got up at six to go play with them. *That* was a frigid morning." I nodded. "The Scouts were all sound asleep in their tents," the Mayor said. "Duncan was quite disappointed. He came back into the house and told me later he didn't want to be a Boy Scout, because they sleep too late!"

A softball crashed against one of the windows, and the Mayor rose and went to the front door. "Watch out for those balls!" he called to the boys. "No broken windows!"

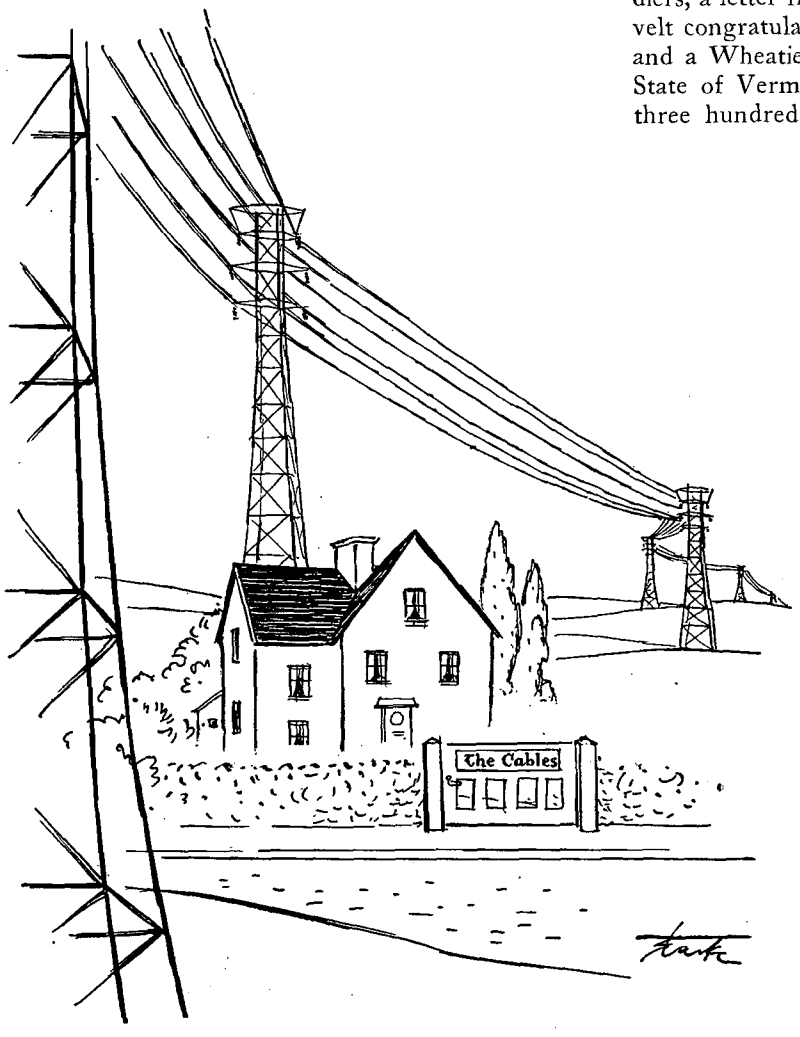
The Mayor came back and sat down. A white-coated butler brought us some drinks, and we sipped them. The Mayor pointed out a corner of the lawn near one of the windows and said he planned to put an outdoor grill there. "I'm a good man with steaks, hamburgers, and chickens," he said.

"I took the Venetian blinds out in this room, too," said Mrs. Wagner. "I know I was right. You just couldn't see out."

The Mayor suddenly jumped up from his chair again and went out the front door. I could see him on the lawn, talking to his children and to their playmates. He was back a moment later. "They were digging up the lawn to make home plate," he said. "We just can't have that. Mr. Moses would be sore as the dickens. By the way, look at this." He pointed to one of the small panes of glass in a floor-length window overlooking the lawn. I noticed the words "Millie 1815" scratched into the glass. "That is supposed to be the original pane of glass," the Mayor told me, "but it looks mighty new to me for glass more than a hundred years old. You know, O'Dwyer was a remarkable fellow for taking visitors through the Mansion, pointing out each historical niche and corner and stopping here and there for anecdotes about the past. He was especially fond of this pane of glass—had a romantic story about Millie and some long-lost love. I often wonder who *did* scratch in the name. I'm not accusing him, you understand. I am just suggesting the possibility."

Duncan, the younger Wagner boy, burst into the room. He is short, roly-poly, and healthy-looking. "We're going to fly the kite," he said. "Fine," said the Mayor.

Mrs. Wagner suggested that we go upstairs and look around, and we went to the second floor. A broad hallway runs the length of the house, and the rooms open off it. We walked through Duncan's room, and I could see my sitting-room window from his window. Again, I had an eerie sense of reversal. We walked through the room of the Mayor and Mrs. Wagner, a huge chamber with a Mary Cassatt on the wall; through the Mayor's upstairs study; and through Robert's room, which contained a great many toy soldiers, a letter from Franklin D. Roosevelt congratulating him upon his birth, and a Wheaties license plate from the State of Vermont. "Someone sent us three hundred children's books," said Mrs. Wagner as we moved out into the hall again. "A wonderful gift. I love them, and so do the boys, but I often wonder what will happen when there's a Mayor who has no children. Three hundred children's books! You know, Mayor Impellitteri had a rubbing table in his bedroom, but I had it taken out."



We went down the stairs and to the front door. I said goodbye to the Wagners. As I walked along the porch toward the driveway, I looked around, and the Mayor was by then out on the lawn, flying the kite.

IN the late spring, the view from my window became more obscured than ever. The foliage had me com-

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pletely undone. Then, to my delight, word reached me one Friday evening that the Mayor would be pleased if I would come over. There was to be one of those Edward R. Murrow "Person-to-Person" telecasts from the Mansion, during the course of which millions of television viewers would be taken on a tour of the house. The Wagners would guide the television audience through the Mansion; Mr. Murrow, seated in a midtown studio, would interview the Mayor and his family by remote control. The Mayor thought I might enjoy watching some of the preparations before the broadcast.

I walked across the street about eight-thirty. The driveway was filled with cars, including a mobile control truck containing all sorts of complicated television equipment. Wires led every which way from the truck to the Mansion. Through a basement door I noticed a huddled group peering at what appeared to be television screens. Technicians were swarming about the screens, testing the equipment. I went up the stairs to the porch and had difficulty reaching the doorway, for the porch was cluttered with wires, cables, and cameras. I stepped inside. The foyer was ablaze with huge lights. In fact, wandering around, I realized that the entire Mansion had been transformed into a giant studio. After a while, a butler found me and took me to the dining room, where the Mayor and his wife were eating a quiet supper. No cameras had been placed there, and the room was a refuge from the clatter and bustle of the rest of the Mansion. Mrs. Wagner seemed stunned at the elaborate preparations for the broadcast. She said she figured it would take quite a while to get everything moved back into place. "There are seventeen technicians at work in the house this very moment," she said, "and they have been here since two-forty-five this afternoon."

The Mayor said that the children were to be allowed to stay up for the proceedings—in fact, Robert was to play a part; he was to read the Roosevelt letter on the program. Mr. Wagner remarked that he was proud of something his older boy had said. The Mayor was scheduled to deliver the commencement address at Robert's school within a few days, and had asked his son what he should talk about. "About ten minutes," Robert had replied.

A brisk-looking gentleman stuck his head in the door and told the Wagners that the dress rehearsal was about to begin, so I left the Mansion and headed for home. I stopped at the police booth for a minute, and a policeman there told me that the Mansion constabulary had decided on their own initiative that there must be some boat noises during the program. "It would never do to have a program from Gracie Mansion without boat noises," he said. "We have arranged to have the fireboat at the foot of Ninetieth Street blow off steam at ten-thirty, when the program starts." I said that sounded like a fine idea.

I went back home and waited impatiently for the program to begin. Mayor-watching, I mused, had gone a long way since the early days, when I stood at the window and looked out. Now anybody with a television set could watch the Mayor of the City of New York! I felt that, in a sense, I was an anachronism, a veteran of a simpler, less complicated age.

Promptly at ten-thirty, the Murrow program got under way, and just as promptly a wild screech went up from the river. But Mr. Murrow was not visiting the Wagners during the first fifteen minutes of his program. He was visiting Molly Goldberg. I could hear nothing that Molly or Mr. Murrow said. The whistles were too loud. I closed my window, but the wailing still blotted out the sound of the program. Promptly at ten-forty-five, Mr. Murrow visited the Wagners, and just as promptly, the fireboat stopped whistling. There were the Mayor and Mrs. Wagner and the Wagner children, and the fine old high-ceilinged rooms, and the long, graceful porch. There was not a sound from the river during the entire fifteen minutes. When the program was over, I went to my sitting-room window, but I could see only a few twinkling lights through the trees.

On most of these hot summer nights, there are not even lights twinkling across the street. The Mansion is completely dark. The light in the police booth is out. The Mayor has a place out on Long Island, and I guess he has gone there with his family for the summer. I don't see much point in hanging around at the window until the leaves begin to fall. I am going away myself, and have rented a room in a quiet New England village, directly across the street from the mayor's house.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

"I'm wanted in forty-eight states, but in my own home I'm not wanted."

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WHO SHOULD WE EDUCATE?
—Title of an article in the California Teachers Association Journal.

Golly, don't ask little we.

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MY MOTHER DANCING

THERE is an old tune, a waltz—a waltz of Waldteufel, the "Estudiantina"—that is very seldom played now but that still does sometimes spring out upon the air, as it did last night, from a radio in an upper room in a quiet street, while I was walking home. And, as always when I hear it again, memory was like a shock. It brought me for a moment to a standstill: a memory of my far-off Italian boyhood—that part of my life altogether separate from the rest—and the last memory I have of my mother.

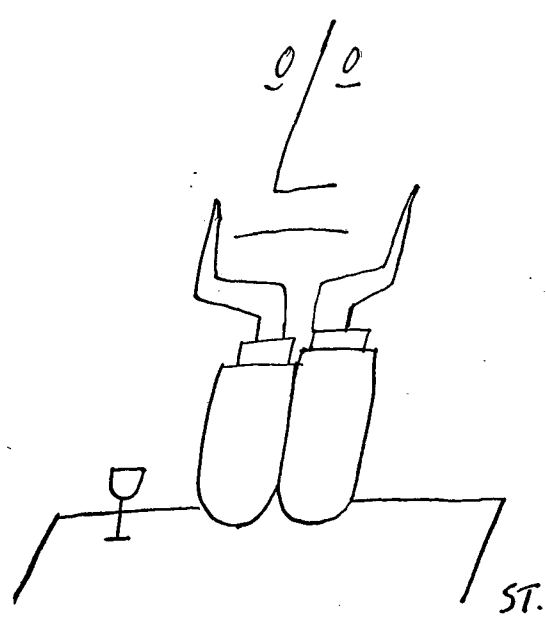
THE realization that my father and mother were of different nationalities (that is, spoke different languages; he was Italian and she was American) and that somehow connected with this there was something to be afraid of dawned very early, and I am grateful that there are still earlier memories of my mother that are untouched by the intuition of unhappiness.

The first is of picking daisies with her in a meadow, and nearer and clearer, those of driving with her on the Pincio, when, sitting beside her in the carriage behind the pair of gray horses, I was at the pinnacle of pride; and the color and texture of her dress, her parasol, and the scent on her gloves all had their part in the ecstasy of my enjoyment.

But at home—which was in a house in Rome with a wide stone staircase, marble statues on the landings, and a courtyard with a fountain—there was my father's voice, and soon there was to be such a shrinking from it that if a door banged, my nurse and I would start. She was English, and, between my mother and her, my first language was English. She was, I know now, young, and I think rather taciturn—she used to play with me silently—but I was fond of her, and later, when I was a little older, I admired her eyes, which were big and pale blue.

One day I understood that something was going on of even greater violence than we were accustomed to, and as the fear of my father's voice seized me I saw my nurse standing in the middle of the room, looking toward the door in a way that frightened me still more. I began to push her, to try to make her speak to me. She said "Hush!" so sternly it stopped me on the instant; and when that terrible voice in a climax of fury yelled out some words I didn't understand, I was too frightened to cry. There was a silence, during which my nurse and I stood looking at the door, and then it opened and my mother came in. She got no further than the door, and with her back against it and her hand on the knob behind her looked straight in front of her, her other hand hanging at her side. My nurse, who was trembling, went up to her, lifted the hanging hand, and kissed it. This seemed to me the most extraordinary thing I had ever witnessed. My mother's hand dropped back against the folds of her dress and I couldn't take my eyes from it, and at last I, too, approached her and put my lips on her hand. As soon as I had done it I drew back, but she did not stir, and then I grasped her hand in both mine and kissed it again and again. Then my nurse led me into the next room.

Very soon after my sixth birthday I went to stay with an aunt, the widow of my father's eldest brother, at her country place in the north of Italy. The train left in the evening, and that whole afternoon I was allowed to play with the porter's son in the courtyard. It was the beginning of summer. There were water lilies floating in the pool of the fountain. I got my tunic wet, and as we played I shouted and shouted, and no one told me not to do these things. My mother looked down at us from a window. Each time I saw her I shouted, "Is it time to start?" and she always shook her head. It was past my bedtime and I was almost asleep when the carriage came to take us to the station, but driving through the open air woke me, and I noticed the streets and the lamps shining into the foliage of the trees; the idea that I was seeing this after my bedtime excited me. I sat close beside my mother, with her arm around me. She said, "The swallows are still making a noise, though they should all be in bed," and the crying of the swallows became the sound of my excitement at being up so late. In the train, I was put to bed at once, and on arriving at my aunt's the next morning I hardly noticed that my mother wasn't with us, that she hadn't come with my nurse and me.



I did not see her for a year, but I was so small, and I so gradually became aware of the continuing nature of her absence, that I didn't suffer at her being away from us. I had my nurse, I liked my cousins Domenico and Gianandrea (who were a little older than I) and their German governess, and the farm and the village never lost their romantic interest for me. The house was large and square and pale yellow, with—as I was to notice in later years—an elaborate double flight of steps up to the front door, and a carved coat of arms above that. In front were statues and a formal garden stretching out to the great gates on the road. Far off were the mountains, always blue. On one side of the house was a sort of park, and on the other, at some distance, the farm and the village. The wide fields came up close at the back of the house, and from the terrace one could look over them as far as my eyes, at least, could see. Every day was filled with novelty and adventure.

My aunt was an olive-skinned woman with a mole on her upper lip. She never raised her voice and she glided rather than walked, and there was a kind of majesty about her that made it impossible ever to be naughty in her presence. Even my father made no angry noises when he came to stay at the villa, which he did at intervals during the year that I didn't see my mother. My aunt had a town house, but she and my cousins and I spent that whole year in the country.

My mother came to us in early summer, in the haymaking season, when I was all day in the fields. On the morning she arrived, though I had been told she was coming and dragged home and dressed in my white sailor suit, I slipped off and couldn't be found when she reached the house. The men were tossing the hay onto huge carts with oxen harnessed to them. The animals would stand motionless beneath

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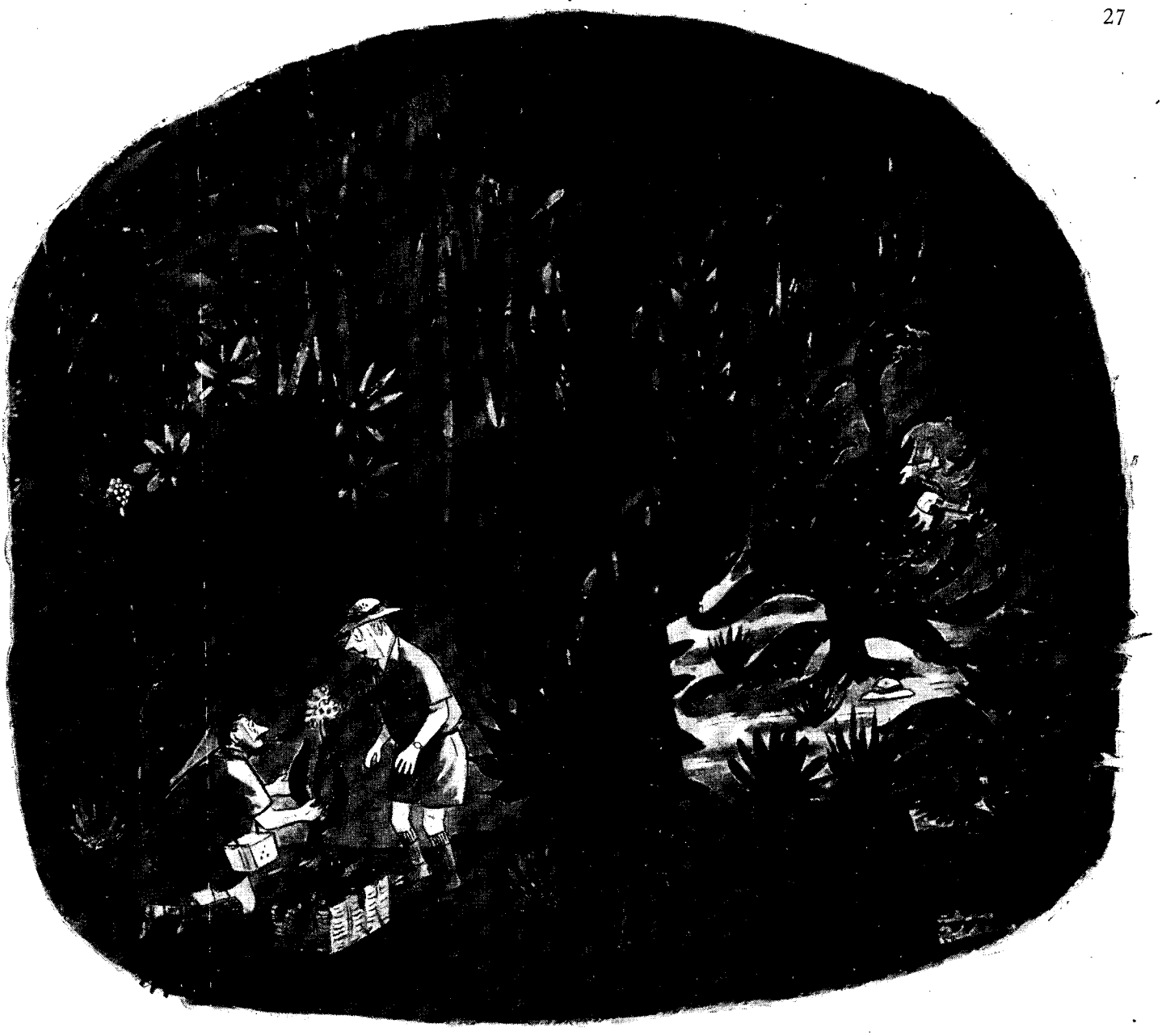

"Have you got a minute, Dr. Headley? We think we may have found a new carnivorous specimen."

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their heavy yokes, their mild eyes, below the amulets tied with red wool that hung on their broad white foreheads, not even blinking in the heat of the sun. When the oxen were required to move on, there was a great deal of urging and cracking of whips, and I would caper in front, thinking I was helping by shrieking "*Hue! Hue!*"

I saw my mother coming toward us across the field but I took only four or five steps in her direction. Before I was even near her, I turned and ran back to the cart, shouting to her that there was no time to lose. But that evening as I was falling asleep, with her in my room sitting at the open window, the consciousness of her presence flowed through me, as part of a delicious tide. The *cicale* shrilled and the cattle sometimes lowed, and from the fields where my work was not yet finished came the smell of the hay. The tall lamp on the terrace made a circular reflection on my ceiling, and with a cry a swallow swooped past the window. I remembered the swallows of the year before and tried to tell her, but I was already too far asleep, and in another minute I slipped away on the tide.

She must have been there all that summer, yet she was only a background to the thrilling things that happened—the haymaking, the grape harvest, and the spinning of the silk from the cocoons. She would come out to the fields, or the vineyards, or the barns—wherever I was—and look on. As far as my memory serves, my father came only once during the summer, and it was on that occasion that I first heard I must go to school. Domenico and Gianandrea by this time had a tutor, and it was a thought of them and of the glimpses I got of them from the terrace, sitting at their books and looking longingly through the open window, that shot something into my heart. I hid my face against my mother, and heard my father make the familiar sound of anger, and my aunt say gravely: "We must learn to be more serious."

IN the autumn my babyhood came to an end with appalling abruptness. My aunt moved to the town where she had her house, and I with her. I began

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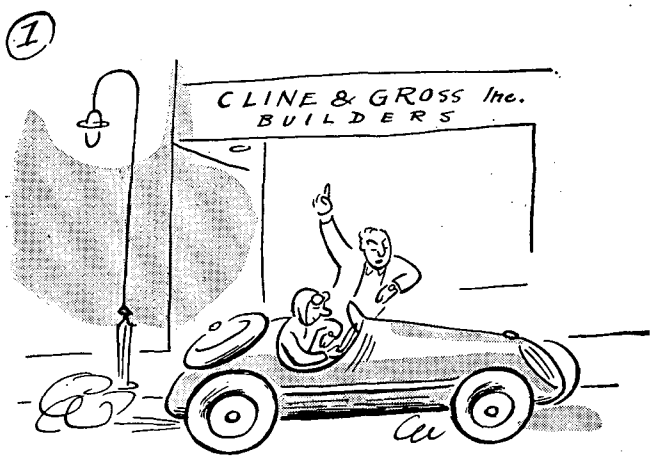
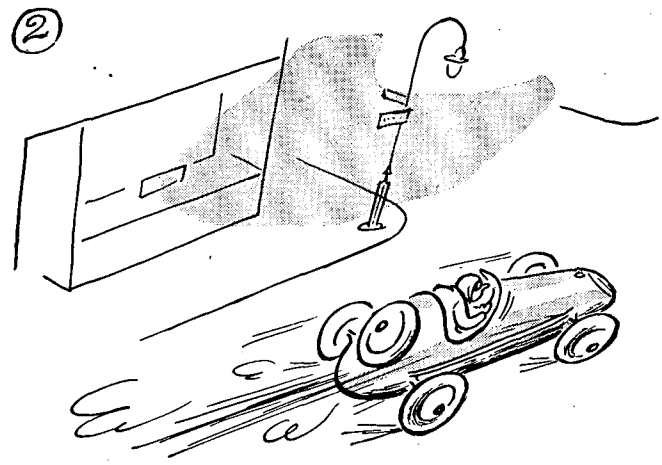
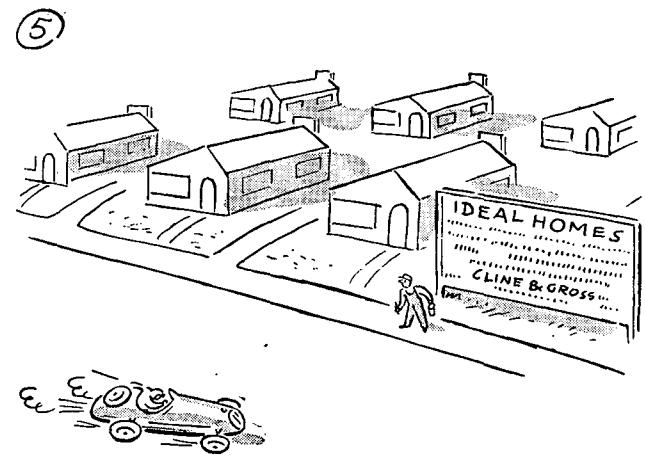




school and my nurse went away in the same week, and my mother again disappeared. The confusion in my mind was so dark that I could not even feel clearly, and the realization that my mother had gone again was alternately sharpened and dulled by my inability to understand anything I was told at school. When I asked my aunt or the servants where she had gone, I was told either that she was ill but would get better if I was good, or that she had gone away because I was naughty and would not apply myself. Her letters to me came frequently and were read aloud to me, but in them she gave no reason for having left us, and her descriptions of the place where she was living, the snow, the high mountains, did not, of course, explain anything to me then. I would not have understood what a sanatorium was. In time I gave up carrying her letters in my pocket by day and putting them under my pillow at night. The process of making of me what my aunt called *un ragazzo serio* weighed too heavily to leave much thought for anything else.

Domenico and Gianandrea were at a Jesuit boarding school, and I had no companions. They would come home very occasionally for the day, wearing black uniforms with long trousers and capes hanging down to their heels, and I did not have to be told that they were *ragazzi seri* and always passed their examinations. I could see it for myself. I heard nothing all day long but the necessity to study in order to pass at the proper time from the *Prima Inferiore* to the *Seconda*, and every time I was taken out, and almost every game I played, was made conditional on whether I had learned my lessons. I went to the *Scuola Elementare*, like boys of every social class. At midday we were let out into a large stone yard to play for only a few minutes, and during school hours the children often became so numb with cold and sitting still that the teacher would make us get up and run around our benches twice, to whip up our blood. In the afternoon at home there were lessons to prepare for the next day, and a walk of half an hour; games were considered to excite me inordinately and make me inattentive afterward.



It was at this time that I began to be taught religion. A priest who came often to the house gave me my sacred instruction, and both he and my aunt catechized me narrowly as to what I had ever been told by my mother; and I noticed that when either of them spoke of "your mother's religion," they invariably lowered their eyes.

By the time she came back, in the late spring, I knew that she was called an American and a Protestant and that she was different from everyone else, and her arrival was no longer a simple and natural event but something I had thought about beforehand, something about which I was now old enough to conjecture. She opened the door suddenly while I was at my history lesson with my tutor—for the examinations were so near and I was so behindhand that I was having extra lessons and had not been allowed even that afternoon off to go to meet her at the station—and the moment in which she flung open the door was just the one in which I had forgotten she was coming. She threw out her arms to me, but I stood awkwardly by the table, conscious of my tutor, conscious of other things besides her. And when, a little later, after the tutor had left the room, I took her hand and began squeezing the fingers as I leaned against the arm of her chair, she, in her turn, did not respond but looked at me sorrowfully. My hair was cropped short, nearly shaved behind and cut in front so as to stand up from my forehead like the bristles of a brush, and I was dressed as a diminutive man, in a cloth suit with long trousers, and a stiff linen collar and tie. Knowing that she found me changed embarrassed me. But after another few moments she put her head on my shoulder, and then I laid my face against hers. Even after that I kept observing her. It struck me very soon that in comparison with my aunt she was strangely thin, and when she and my aunt were together I compared them minutely—their arms, their faces, their waists—taking one part of them at a time and looking from one to the other and noting the difference. Once my mother caught me at it, and quickly—so quickly, flushing so much, that I felt in a sort of shock that she was actually afraid—she asked, "Why do you look at me like that?" I immediately glanced at my aunt and answered in Italian, "Nothing," and my aunt said smoothly—and I now know that she possessed the most perfect suavity that I shall ever meet—"What a scatterbrain!"

The priest came to the house less

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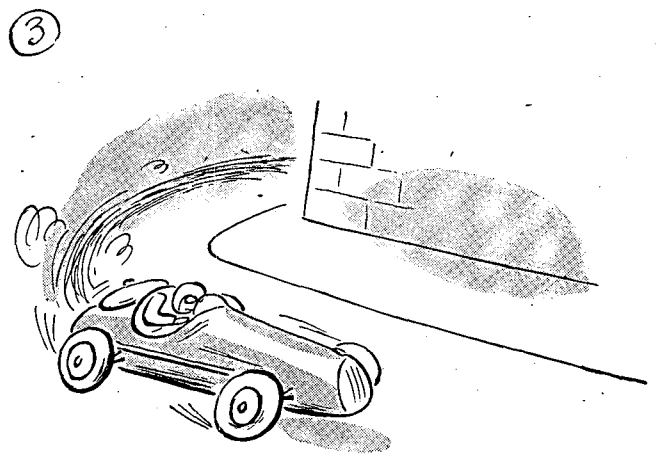

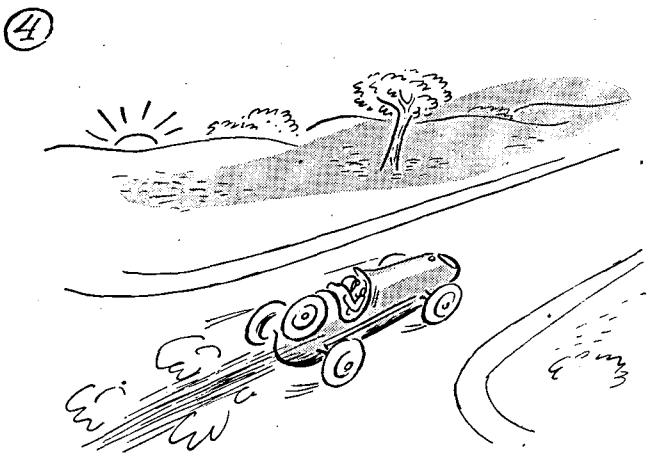

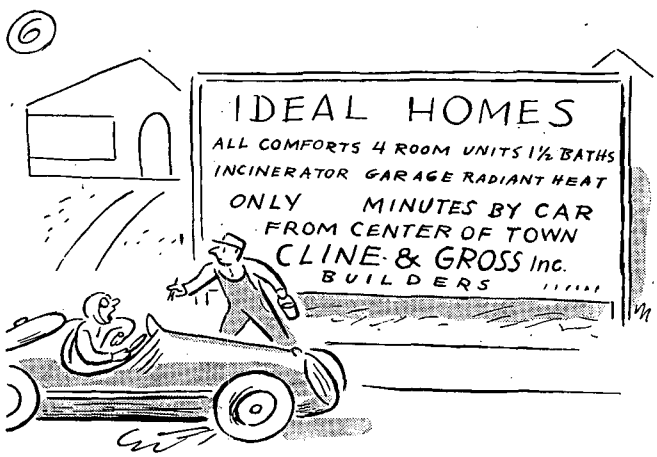

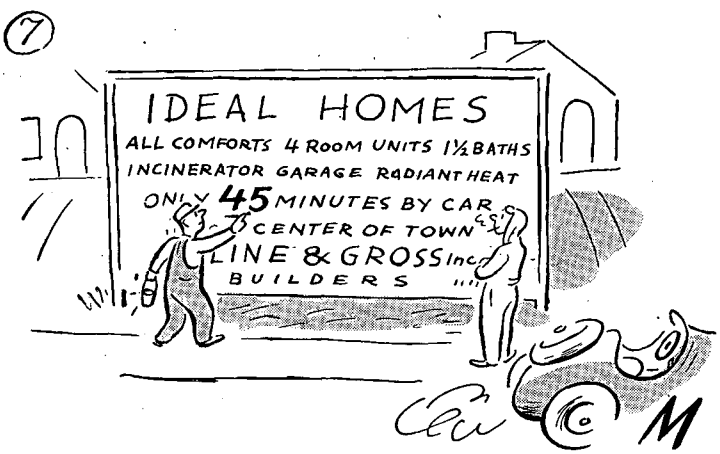

often than before, and the first time he stayed to lunch I watched them all three, and whenever my mother spoke I looked at the other two to see how they took it. I had a sense of familiarity with them that made my mother in their presence seem a stranger. On the other hand, when she and I were alone I felt an intimacy with her that was the more intense because I wanted to keep it secret. In my aunt's house I was uneasy about her, but when we went out walking together I felt not only proud but vain at her side, my arm in hers. I would not speak English with her in front of the others, but we always spoke it when we were alone together. And if any strangeness arose she could make things right. One feast day, because I asked to do it, we followed a procession of boys and girls into a church, where I at once dipped into holy water. Even before I had crossed myself I realized she was not doing the same as I; she had moved on and was waiting for me, and I stopped dead with my hand to my forehead. She saw, she smiled at me, and, taking my hand, gently crossed me with it herself. I smiled back at her, wonderfully reassured.

Eventually my father and my cousins joined us and we all went to my aunt's country house together. And now, added to the old joys, there was the realization of freedom as I once more worked in the fields with the peasants, took part in the life of the farm, or played robbers with my cousins in the wood. I didn't think of my parents at those times, though I would sometimes see my mother in the distance and know she was looking on. Outside, I was wildly happy. But coming in for my supper in the evening, tired, bathed in heat, I would suddenly make no noise but tiptoe across the upstairs hall in dread of what I might hear. There were days when my father could not restrain his vindictive ill temper, and in the rooms, all together on one floor, that were assigned to us three he did not need to hold himself back; downstairs, whenever he began to get ill-humored with my mother, my aunt would come gliding in.

The summer became fearfully hot, the hottest for ten years, they said at the farm, and I was not allowed to be out in the middle of the day. For this reason I saw more of my mother, and a new sort of uneasiness about her sometimes crept into me. I heard that the hot weather was making her worse, and indeed she stayed more and more upstairs, lying on a long straw chair in the middle of the room that she might get more air. She had a large, square room, so large that it seemed empty—a room with very tall windows, at the sides of which green silk curtains hung in long, thin folds.

One evening in the midst of this abnormal spell of torrid weather my father had an attack of fury during a thunderstorm that at moments drowned the sound of his voice. Running to find refuge with my mother, I came upon her maid, Assunta, listening at the keyhole of my mother's room, and between the rolls of thunder I heard what was going on within. I had never yet divined any cause for my father's worst angers, but while I was listening at the keyhole with Assunta there was a revelation, as sudden as the lightning that lit up the window of the hall with a dreadful glare. It was money that he was furious about, money that he wasn't getting, and it was my mother's fault—how, I couldn't understand, but it was *her* fault and he was accusing her. And she made no reply. Just after he had shouted that when she died he and I would starve, there came a crash of thunder. Assunta was lamenting under her breath and crossing herself, and this and his words

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and the thunder all together threw me into a panic of fear.

THAT was the beginning of knowledge about my parents; those words heard between crashes of thunder prepared me for everything I was to hear afterward. With time all became clear. My mother had been the only child—motherless—of a rich man, and though I believe my father was in love with her when they married—she must have been lovely—the determining factor in his marriage was the prospect of a large fortune. And then the year after they married, her father married again—married a woman much younger than himself, who by the time I was six had produced two children. All my father's hopes were shattered. My mother received only an allowance—a large one, but any day it might be decreased. There had not been a settlement, and because of the new family there was no longer any certainty in the future. With his native suspiciousness and pessimism he saw her, in his imagination, not only with a much reduced fortune but disinherited. I now know that he sent her to America to try to get some definite and binding assurances from her father, and that she failed to get them; I think he asked for too much and defeated himself, but he was able to blame the malign influence of her stepmother. It was soon after I parted from her in Rome that she went to America, and it was during the first year she was away from us that her disease declared itself. When she returned to Europe she went to Switzerland, which was then considered to be the only place of cure for consumptives. Then, against all advice, she had come to Italy to be with me again, in the summer when I was free, and when the weather became so hot and injurious to her, it would have been wrong to let her stay. But my father, as I learned from his subsequent admissions, had long threatened to separate her from me altogether if she did not get money settled upon her.

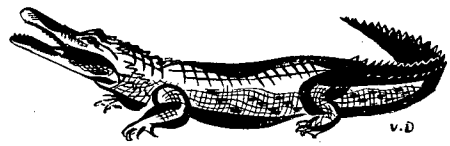
I went to sleep in fear, not having dared go to her and ask her the meaning of those words, and the next day I was sent off early on an excursion with my cousins and we did not get back till late in the afternoon. I went at once to my mother's room, and found a trunk yawning open on the floor and the fat Assunta squatting in front of it in the midst of a litter of tissue paper and clothes. My mother was standing before a chest of drawers. She turned round when I burst open the door, and to my consternation I heard her say, twice over: "They are sending me away! They are sending me away!" Tears poured down her face, and on my running to her she clasped me tightly and stammered, "But promise me! Promise me—"

I answered "I promise! I promise!" but, unconsciously, I spoke in Italian, and said "*Prometto! Prometto!*"

Suddenly her tears ceased and she said, "You must promise me in English."

I tried to clasp her, not to see her face—and at that moment we heard my father's voice in the hall. My mother flung out her hand to Assunta, and in an instant she had me in the little dressing room adjoining; when the coast was clear she got me away.

When, the morning after that, I was allowed to go to my mother's room, all her things had disappeared from it; it looked really empty. She was not wearing her usual sort of light dress, and had on a hat and veil, and she was listening to what my aunt was saying to her. They were both standing. She looked at me, moved her lips, but did not speak. Then we all went downstairs, to the front door, before which the carriage was waiting. At the top of the steps were assembled my father, my cousins, and several of the servants. My mother was holding my hand, but it hung loosely in hers and gave no answering pressure. The presence of the others may have made it impossible to show what I was feeling; for whatever reason, I did not say a word, and when she bent down to kiss me goodbye I actually drew back. . . . It was not enough to prevent her kissing my forehead, but the realization of what I had done turned me icy cold and rooted me to the spot. So when she had taken her place in the carriage, with my father beside her, when the carriage rolled away and she looked back, Domenico and Gianandrea waved to her but I did not wave.



SOON after that began my life alone with my father, which was to last almost uninterruptedly until I was

I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR THE SANDMAN

There are several differences between me and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whose bust I stand admiringly beneath;
He found solace in opium, I found it in Codman's Bayberry chewing gum—at least until it started loosening my teeth.
Another difference between me and Samuel Taylor Coleridge is more massive in design:
People used to interrupt him while he was dreaming his dreams, but they interrupt me while I am recounting mine.
Now, if anybody buttonholes you to tell you about how they dreamt they were falling, or flying, or just about to die and they actually would have died if they hadn't woken up abruptly,
Well, they deserve to be treated interruptly,
But when somebody with a really interesting dream takes the floor,
I don't think people ought to break away and start listening to the neighborhood bore.
Therefore I feel I need offer no apology
For having gathered a few of my more representative dreams into a modest anthology.
Once I dreamt I was in this sort of, you know, desert with cactuses only they were more like caterpillars and there were skulls and all the rest,
And right in the middle of this desert was a lifeboat with the name Mary Celeste,
And if I hadn't woken up because the heat was so blistery,
Why, I bet I would have solved this mystery of nautical history.
Another time I dreamt I was climbing this mountain although actually it was more like a beach,
And all of a sudden this sort of a merry-go-round I forgot to tell you about turned into a shack with a sign saying, "LEDA'S PLACE, SWANBURGERS 10c EACH."
I hope you will agree that of dreams I am a connoisseur,
And next time I will tell you about either how I dreamt I went down the rabbit hole or through the looking glass, whichever you prefer.

—OGDEN NASH

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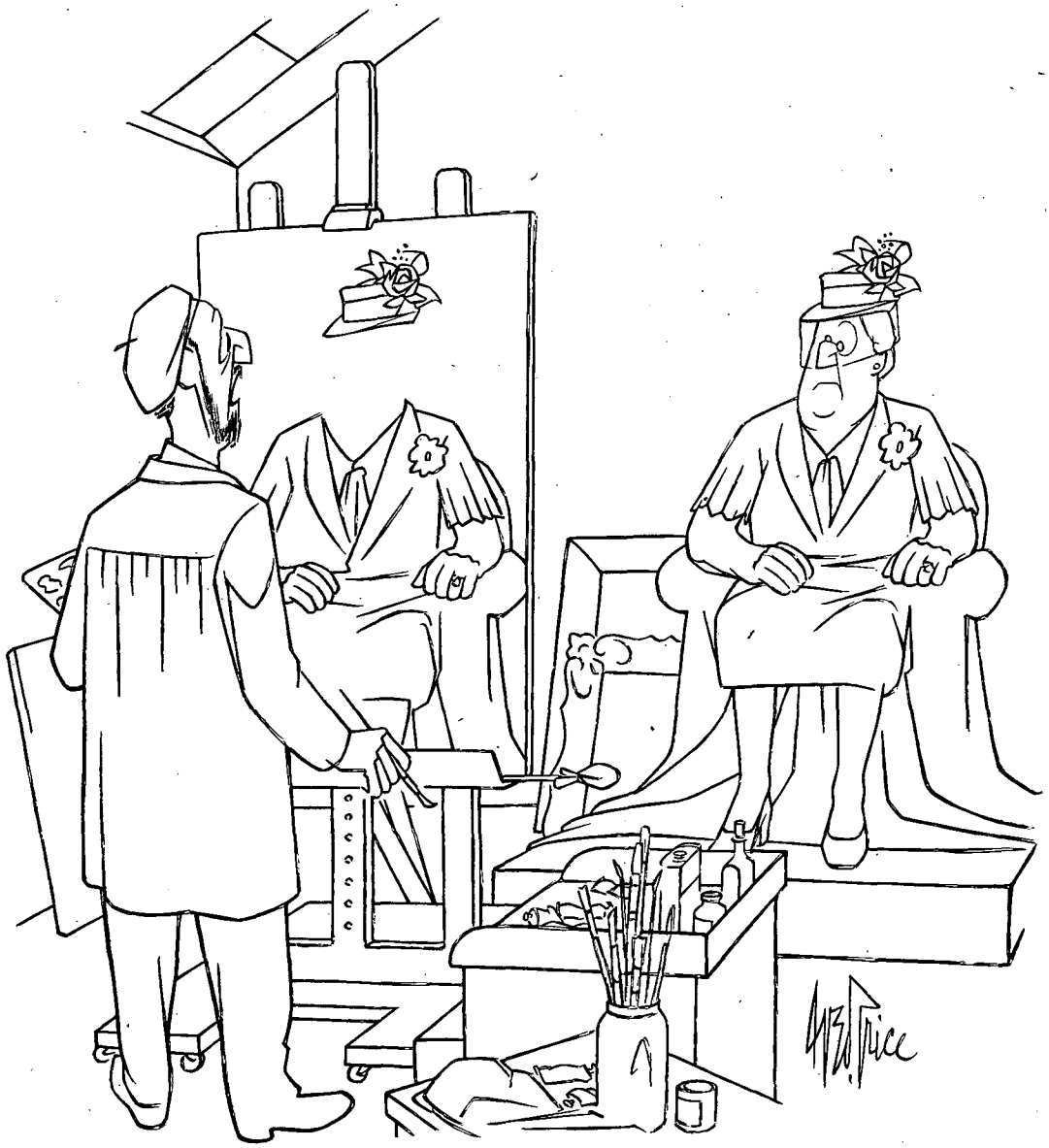
twelve years old. In the autumn we went to live again in Rome, where he took another apartment, a smaller one, in a *palazzo* in the oldest quarter of the town. There was a large drawing room that had a high frescoed ceiling, somewhat stained but figuring sportive nymphs and dolphins, and windows with painted shutters, set in deep embrasures. The drawing room and dining room looked into a street so narrow that the sun never fully entered it; and the heavily barred windows on the lower floors of all the houses in this street gave them the gloomy air of a prison. In the thick house doors, closed at night, were little iron grilles through which the porter could look to see who had knocked before he opened, and in the front door of our apartment, too, there was a little grille. The damp cold of the apartment was so penetrating when winter came on that we wore our overcoats indoors all the time. Our bedrooms gave upon the courtyard and were, in contrast to the fine drawing room and dining room, small and low and poor in every respect. The kitchen had a view of a garden perched on top of the opposite roofs, and of a little shrine to the Virgin across an angle of the walls. Before it there was always a little light and sometimes a bunch of flowers. For servants we had a married couple, Fortunato and Erminia, and our cooking was done on a charcoal stove, which Erminia would fan with a dusty fan of heron feathers.



"Well, so far so good, Mrs. Madison."

• • •

My education became one of my father's manias. When I came home from school in the afternoon, some days at three o'clock and other days at four—fetched by one of the servants—I was supposed to devote the rest of the day to what I must hand in or recite on the morrow. The enforced physical immobility at a desk or a table almost all day long made me at first dull and hopeless, then reckless of every consequence of revolt. Air and exercise were not thought of, the walk to and from school being considered quite enough during the week, and the Sunday game of football in the public gardens was often denied me as a punishment for naughtiness. When my father was not at home I would idle away all my time, and then there would be a scene of rage because I had not done the sums or written the composition or learned the history lesson. Often I was made to sit up to finish my homework till ten or even eleven o'clock, and I would at last fall so sound asleep that my father could no longer hope to wake me.

By the end of a few months, even blows did not affect me; there was so much anger that it was impossible not to get used to it. My father's nature was the unhappiest I have ever known, and anger was a standing assertion of his unhappiness. But I do believe that if everything had gone well for him—if my mother's father, instead of marrying again, had died and my mother had inherited the whole fortune, and if she had not been ill and they had been able to lead a brilliant life—he would still have found reasons to be angry. Unhappiness was his natural state, though of course he could say with truth that it was a terrible misfortune to be without a wife and tied to a child as he was; and a child as naughty as I doubled the misfortune. He was sure the future had only worse in store, and that is why my education became a mania with him. He said I was all he had and would ever have, fate—that is, my mother and her family—having cheated him (and he soon told me how) of everything else, and he was educating me to be the companion of his old age; perhaps I would one day repay him for the sacrifices he was making for me. He did nothing to brighten that life of sacrifice. His good looks—for he was very good-looking—and his name and the brief efforts he could make to be

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agreeable were enough to take him into society, but he had no intimate friends, and our apartment never had anyone in it but ourselves. He suspected the motives of others, and was convinced that everybody was ready to do him an ill turn. His habitual expression was of morose ill-humor, and he had a way at home of angrily walking back and forth through the rooms, making peculiar, wordless sounds of exasperation. He would go to his club, and during the first winter he went out to dinner sometimes, but always bitterly, with a grievance, as if he were being forced to go. Sometimes when he and I were out together on a Sunday walk we would meet an acquaintance of his, and I would watch for the change that he could make come over his face. It was like magic. A black cloud would seem to roll away, and his eyes would then look out with a particularly direct, frank, and even sweet expression. When we had walked on, he would nearly always make some malignant remark about the person who had just spoken to us.

During the first summer of our life together he suddenly fell very ill. For two days he was in a sort of frenzy, and the third morning he could not get up, but Fortunato kept shrugging his shoulders and I overheard him say to Erminia in the kitchen, "It is only spleen."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hopkins, but I make it a rule never to date business associates."

The doctor was sent for and stayed some time. As he was going out I met him in the dining room and said to him, "Will my mother come now?" It was as if somebody else had asked him this for me, without my having thought about my mother at all. I had never spoken of her to anyone; after a few months her letters to me had stopped, and, as far as I remember, she existed for me at the end of that first year only as a painful mystery. As soon as I had asked the doctor that question, I ran away, not giving him the chance to answer it; yet for several days after that I expected her. My question seemed to have brought her nearer—indeed, to be about to bring her back—and every time I came home from school my heart beat with excitement. And then the crisis resolved itself without anything having happened. My mother did not come, my father got better and I went to the country with him, and in the autumn I was back again at school.

SOMETIME during that winter, Fortunato and Erminia announced their decision to leave my father's service. He turned them out of the house that very night. He accused them of all manner of treachery and vileness, and they left with their bundles, as cowed as if he had caught them stealing from him. His last insult, as he banged the door behind them, was "Judas was a peasant!" It echoed loudly down the stone staircase.

One afternoon about a week later, when I came home from school the front door was opened not by my father or the daily maid but by a woman I had never seen before. She was young and pretty, and her appearance so satisfied my eyes that my heart seemed to give a leap of happiness toward her. I stood still on the threshold gazing at her, and, smiling, she opened the door wide to let me in, saying pleasantly—making it a gracious welcome—"*Ecco il marchesino!*"

I followed her to the kitchen and asked "But how have you come here?" and she answered, still smiling, "I have come to be your servant." After I had looked at her—her name was Serafina—for a time, and she had smiled once or twice again at me, humming as she worked, I felt tears stinging my eyes and throat, and I had to run away. I went to the tap that was in a little dark cupboard room off the dining room and

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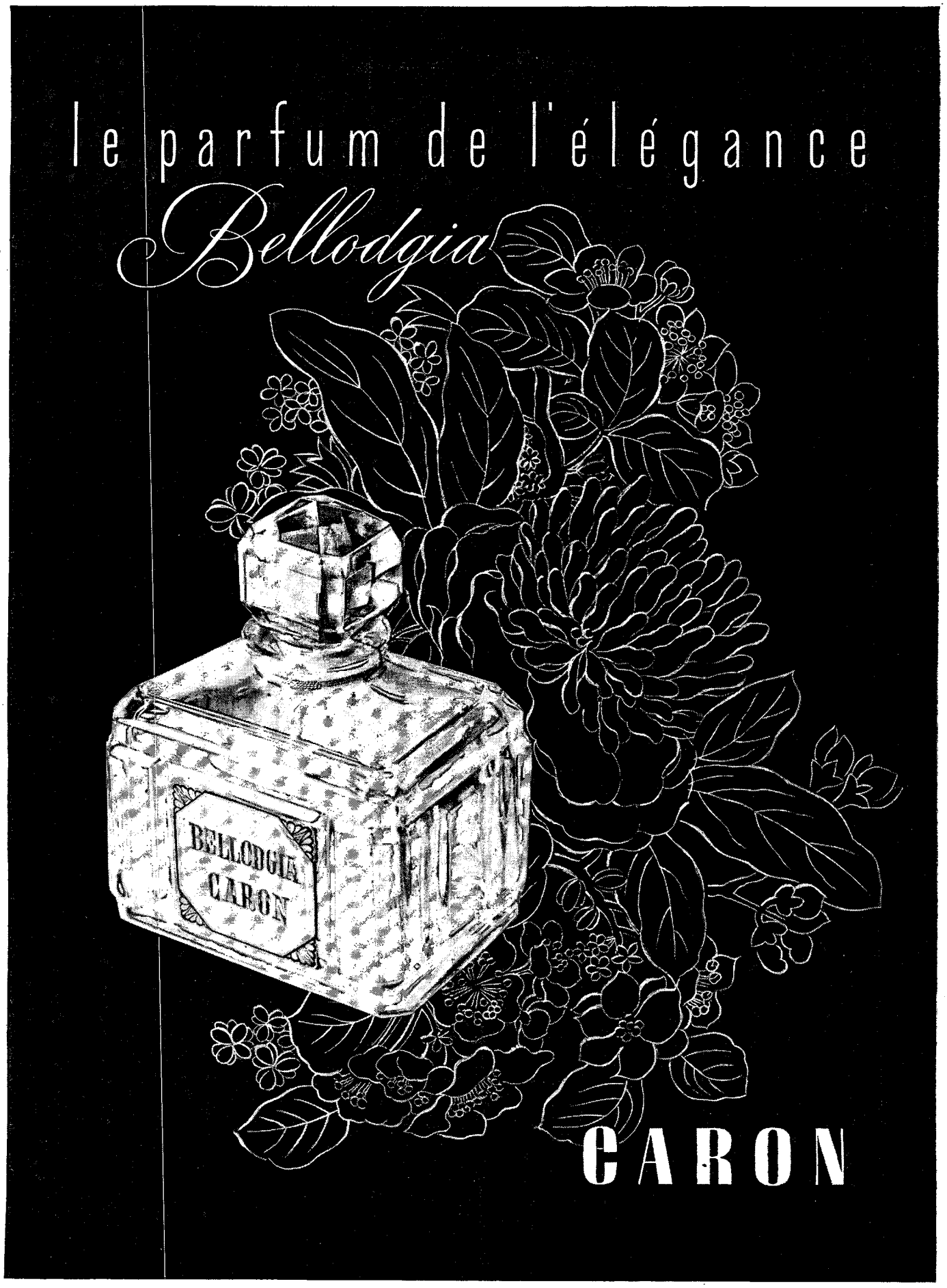

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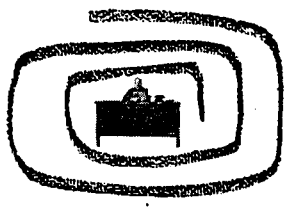
Poor skinny August

A few months ago when the first section of the New York State Thruway opened, a man from Teaneck, N.J. was the first toll customer. He later said he looked upon it as the greatest first in his career which we should add, covers 25 years of being "Mr. First" some 450 times at paying tolls, fees and admissions.

This is a career we can look at with considerable admiration, for we, too, have had many firsts in our time. Nation's Business was the first business magazine to pass a half-million circulation—in 1946. And the first to pass three-quarters of a million—in 1951. To make the calendar more current, and in another area, we were also the first magazine to publish a complete report of President Eisenhower's initial year in office, in our January '54 issue—the one written by the Cabinet members, themselves.

Now we have another. This month Nation's Business is the first magazine to announce its thinnest issue of the year. And frankly, this puzzles us. The July issue was fine and fat, six pages over July a year ago. The forthcoming September issue looks handsome, too—seems destined to bring our gains for the year to new highs. That means we're still making progress faster than any other business or news magazine. But poor skinny August. It looked anemic at the beginning of the year, and no matter what we did or how hard we worked, we just couldn't grow any fat on its bones.

This, of course, is not uncommon in the publishing business. August issues are notoriously thin. Why? Is everybody off to the beach? Do people stop reading when it gets warm? Do the editors put fewer or poorer articles in their magazines? Do the customers stop buying? Maybe we're crazy, but here we are advertising in an August issue, ourselves. Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D. C.



(*Advertisement*)

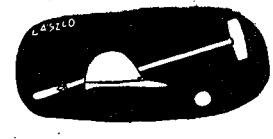
turned it full on. The dining-room floor was flooded by the time my father came home, and he boxed my ears till I was dizzy.

The first month or two after Serafina's arrival were bliss to me. Her being there filled me with wonder, and I used to run home every afternoon from school thinking of her all the way. At her good times—for she was a creature of moods and contrasts—she was romantic to me: in the afternoons, when she would be neatly dressed in her black dress with a frilled black silk apron on, and a bright-colored ribbon round her throat, and with her abundant curly hair beautifully arranged. Then, if my father was out, she let me hang about her as she did her work, or sit beside her in her room when she sewed, and when I was at my books I would strain my ears to catch her humming. I watched my father closely to see how he was taking her presence, but he was short with her, if never actually angry, and noticed her very little. On her part, there was a sort of fluttering about, and little half laughs when she obeyed him, that so charmed and surprised me that for a long time I felt confident that even he was going to look pleased one day.

Such a happy state of affairs could not last long. My physical energy, being given no outlet, burst out again in destructiveness and naughtiness, and I started once more to break things—throwing china, for instance, down into the courtyard for the pleasure of hearing it crash, tearing up my schoolbooks, or squirting water out of the drawing-room window onto the passersby below. When my misdeeds affected *her*, Serafina scolded shrewishly, and pushed me away when I tried to cajole her back into good humor. Then, being perverse, I played tricks on her to exasperate her further. She would shriek at me, and then I would yell at her. Finding me less amenable, she lost interest in me, and became a second—a capricious—enemy. She took to telling tales, and from the day she first "betrayed" me, as I called it, to my father, I never respected her, and began to torment her with real malice, the more that he, while continuing to be surly with her, always took her side against me. I would treat her as a servant, with particular arrogance, just because that aspect of her, which developed more and more as time went on, was distasteful to me. I saw her working for my father like a slave and not receiving any thanks for it. She did, indeed, work like a slave, and in a way that I thought strange—almost savagely, as if somebody were trying to prevent her. When she first came, my father talked of engaging a cook—of having two servants, as before—but after a time I heard no more of that, and Serafina did all the work. In those rather primitive conditions there were heavy and menial tasks, and she was of delicate build. Neither my father nor I helped her. As she worked harder, she let her appearance go and went about during half the day with her head bound up in a dark handkerchief, wearing a loose dressing jacket of faded cotton that sometimes opened to the waist, revealing her gray combinations, and old straw slippers that flapped with her steps. Her eyes in those hours of obstinate toil often had a vicious look.

But there would still be a metamorphosis in the afternoon, when she would wash and dress and become pretty again, and then we were sometimes friends and sometimes laughed together in secret—hiding behind a door, perhaps—after a terrific explosion of my father's wrath that had been caused by her betraying me. She still could fascinate me at times. Scenes, however, became normal in our triangular life—scenes with her because I was not only destructive but also rude and arrogant; scenes with my father because I was idle, hardhearted, and untruthful; scenes in which, I being accused and denying everything, we were all three involved together. I was shrieked and shouted at in every key and sometimes to the accompaniment of blows. I shouted back. We lived in a constant pandemonium.

On the other hand, my father at times confided in me and expected me to pity him—for his ill luck, and even because I was incapable of affection. I heard a great deal about my monstrous lack of affection. He told me that my mother was very likely soon going to die, in order to prove that I could hear such news unmoved. And I believe that I did hear it unmoved. I had become used to the knowledge that she was too ill to come to see us, and I was too unhappy myself, and too much absorbed in the struggle against my life, to be able to think of anything outside. It never occurred to me to study, or try to open my mind to what I was expected to learn; that was an agony of boredom. But the shiver of excitement that would run through me when—having earned a bad mark at school, or in the act of committing some enormity at home—I heard the banged door that announced my father's return was almost pleasurable, like the shivers I felt at the



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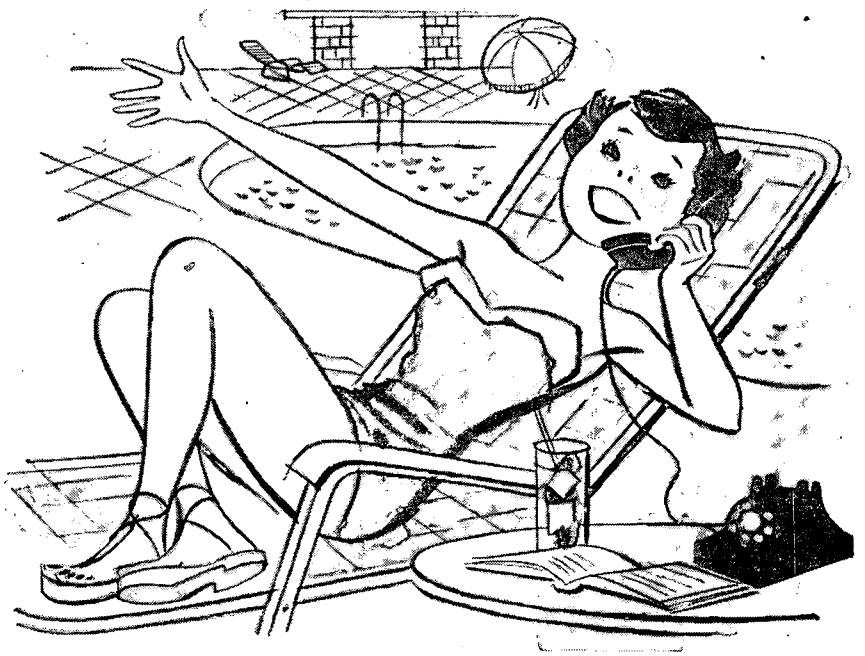
circus, to which I was once taken, when pistols were fired off after long, intolerable waits of expectation.

That summer I failed in my examinations. I was only ten years old, but the event was considered grave enough to handicap my whole future and keep me a year behind my contemporaries for the rest of my life. I got practically no holidays, in consequence. I was made to do lessons with a tutor even at the seaside, and was brought back to Rome more than a month before the opening of school, in order to take the examinations over again. In a way, I was beside myself; I was obsessed, after the fashion of my father, with the idea of getting the better of everybody, and of not doing what I was supposed to do. I did not seem to have any choice; I was obliged to be idle, to lie and answer back. And yet all I got out of it was desperation, as if I were shut up in a dark place and did not know how to break out.

EARLY that winter I heard that my mother was coming back to us, and saw the consternation this news produced. My father had gone to Switzerland the year before to see her, and had told me nothing when he returned. I asked him nothing. Serafina had once or twice in the past half year tried to talk about my mother to me and I had rudely shut her up. So I would not ask her, either, why they did not want my mother to come if she was now better, as she must be; or why she was coming if they did not want her. No doubt my father would have stopped her if he had not thought he might later on regret a lost last chance of bettering our prospects, but he railed against the doctors for permitting her to travel, and against her father, on the other side of the world, who did not protect her while she lived away from her husband but let her do as she liked. Only an American father, he said, would be entirely without paternal concern. I now know that her stepmother had kept her and her father apart, and that she was singularly alone; but I believe that at that point no one and nothing could have defeated her will.

I adopted a pose while the apartment was being prepared for her coming, and took to hunching my shoulders in imitation of my father in a certain mood, when he would not speak but also would not leave his impatience unexpressed. The other two were always in a bad temper, yet they reproached me for my cynical indifference. I kept it up, though it was sometimes difficult to hold myself aloof when furniture was being

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT, MABEL, I'M MAKING ICE CREAM!"



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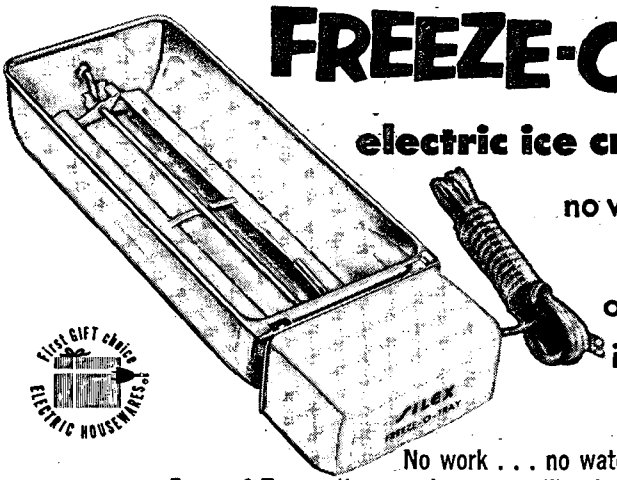

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moved about. A room off the dining room, a room we did not use, was turned into a bedroom for my mother, and her maid was to have the room that would have been the cook's. After all, these preparations were a novelty; we had never had a guest before.

The day she was to arrive, a Sunday, I pretended I had forgotten that was the day she was expected and, in any case, had other things to think about. There was a conflict with my father over a catechism I should have been learning, and then as soon as he had started for the station I brought out something I was manufacturing out of boards and nails, which was forbidden as it was what I most liked doing, and worked ostentatiously, whistling as I worked. Serafina did not come near me to molest me, and after a while I began to wonder why that was, and as I raised my head to listen I heard a carriage rumble into the courtyard below, and Serafina go quickly past my room and shut the kitchen door upon herself. And the idea of seeing this mother was, all of a sudden, intolerable. I jumped up, thought of running to Serafina—of running away—and, instead, went straight to the entrance hall. I pulled a chair up to the front door and, standing on it, I was able to see through the little grille. I could see all the way down the broad flight of shallow stairs that led to our door, and at that very moment two women's figures were coming slowly up, one a few steps ahead of the other. When I first saw them they were not yet in the middle of the flight, and I was able to watch for what seemed a long time, they came so slowly, step by step. The woman who was following the other, and who was the servant, moved with a peculiar jerkiness, like a puppet. Of the other woman I had no exact first impression, except that she wore a dark furred cloak, and that a sort of inexorable purpose was bringing her, however slowly, straight toward me, ever nearer and more fateful. I do not know how to describe the feeling that came over me. I had been living in a perpetual tumult of noise—noise about me and noise in my head as well—and as soon as I saw that foremost figure everything grew still. There was, as it were, a long silence within me. I believe it was the tribute that, by instinct, I was able to pay to suffering.

As my mother reached the top step, I jumped down from my perch, pushed the chair into its place, and ran back to my room. I took up my carpentry work again and went on hammering, without knowing what I was doing. I heard the bell ring, the front door being opened,

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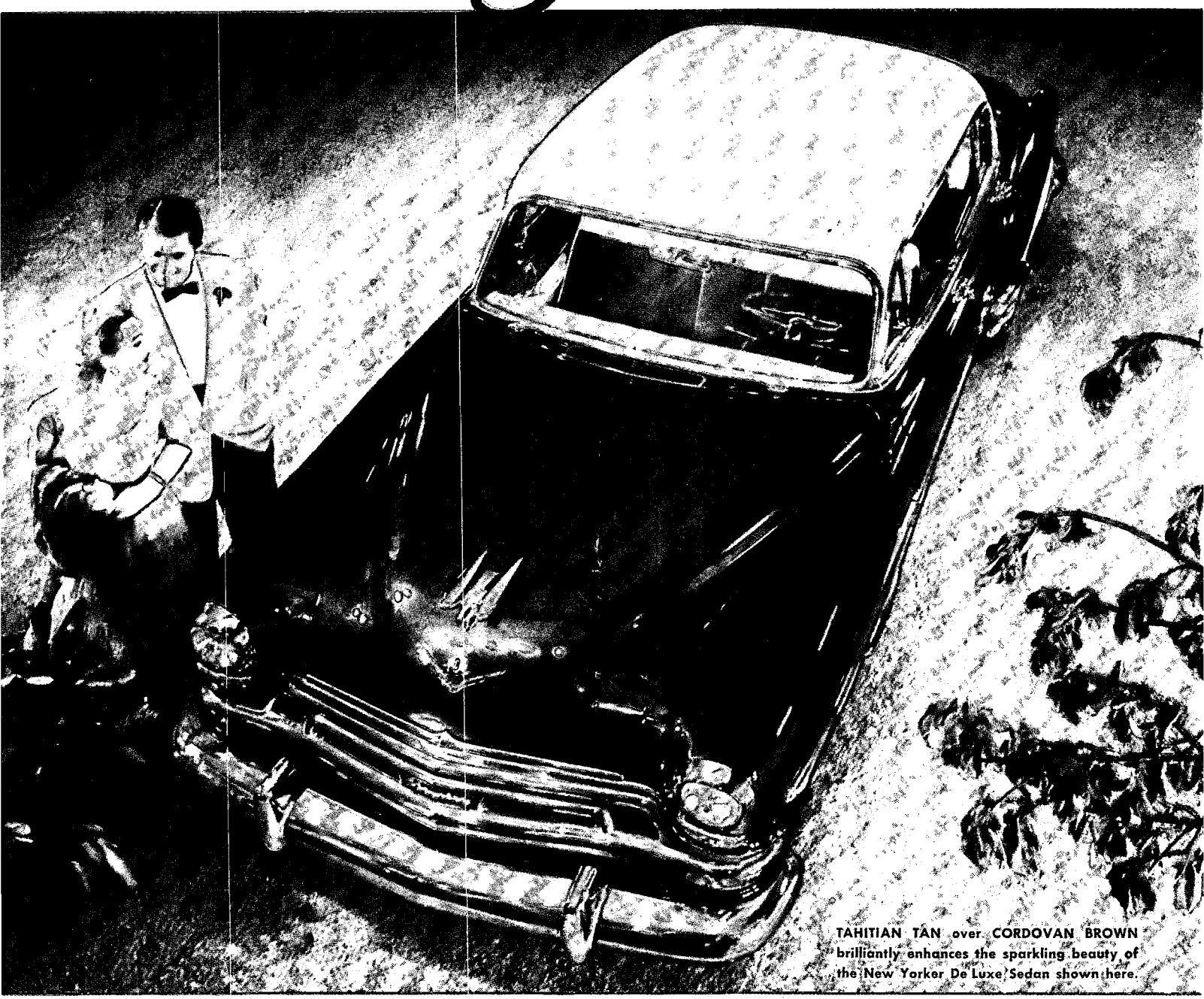

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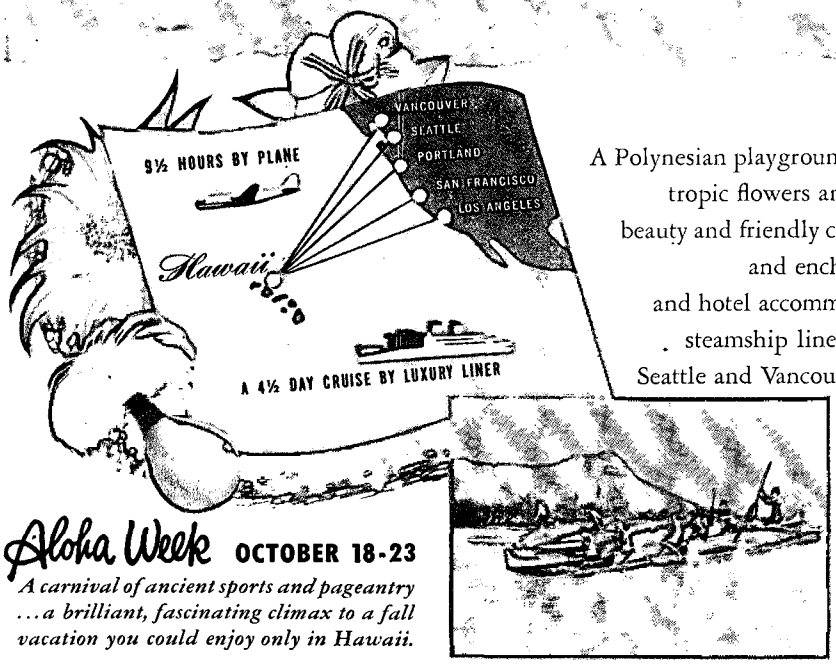

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duced something like a dozen parcels, some wrapped in paper and tied with string, which I was told to untie, and some unwrapped, which she merely handed to me—roller skates, books, drawing materials, a paintbox, a box of tools, a many-bladed knife, a silver pencil. Some of them I had never dreamed of possessing, but I felt only a torment of embarrassment at receiving them, for, perfectly still on her bed, my mother watched me with her brilliant eyes, in which glittered the light of the lamp above her. When my arms were full Phoebe whispered that I had better go, and I went out without my mother speaking to me; she had begun to cough. In the passage I came face to face with Serafina. She had been standing outside the door, and didn't pretend to the contrary.

THE next afternoon, when I should have been doing my homework, I was surprised by Serafina while reading an adventure book, and there was the usual scene, she screaming her remonstrances and threats at me, I answering her back with all my lungs. The book was wrenched from my hands, and I was left alone in front of a table covered with the textbooks and exercise books that were my fate—and I suppose that day, as usual, there was an interval of hopelessness. I remember how the horizon used to shut in at times so that I could not see another minute ahead of me. On that afternoon the door quietly opened and my mother came in.

"It is time you went out," she said. "Soon it will be too dark to be out, and you can do your lessons then."

I told her, in Italian, that I was not going out, and she sat down opposite me and asked why. I told her that I had received a rather bad mark at school, that I almost always received a bad mark, and that I wasn't going to be allowed to go out in the afternoons until I studied better. I was afraid to hide the truth from her because I felt that if I tried to put her off with an excuse it might somehow make things worse; but I watched her uneasily, not knowing what she would do.

"Then you never go out again in the afternoon, once you have come home from school?"

I assured her, always in Italian, that I sometimes did, and that often the preceding winter my father or Serafina had taken me for walks (which wasn't true), and that on Sundays I often played football, but that lately I had not been applying myself; and I accused myself blindly, for it seemed that if I could make her believe it was my fault, she

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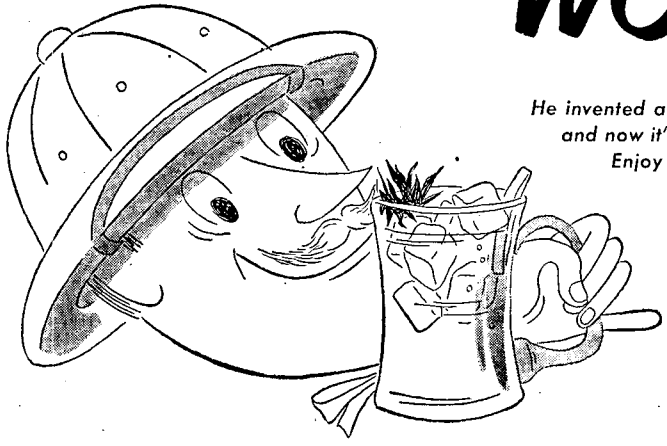

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would be less terrible. She put out her hand and felt mine. The room was unheated and the floor was stone, but I was used to this, and I think I had never been aware of how cold I often was until that moment.

"And at school what sort of a place have you got to play in, and what games do the boys play?"

I said we had a yard to play in, and I tried to describe to her some things we did during our twenty minutes' recreation, but she got up and began to walk up and down the room, as though she had forgotten that she was weak.

"When do you run about at other times?" she asked. "When do you play games and run about, until you are so tired and hot you don't want to run any more?"

"Oh, sometimes," I answered, and she came up to me, asking "When, when?" but I couldn't think and could only repeat "*Qualche volta!*"—and she seized my hands in both hers.

"If I could warm them!" she whispered.

Hers were as cold as mine.

In another moment, Serafina, falsely smiling, had come into the room. My mother moved away from me but looked back to say, in an undertone of deep agitation, "I beg you, I beg you, do your lessons well, and tomorrow—" In the middle of her sentence she went out.

She was not able to come to the dining room to have her meals with us, and in the evenings I sat alone with my father, who wouldn't let me go to her room. He said it was unhealthy. I was glad I was not allowed to go to her room, because I was afraid of it—not of its unhealthiness but of her, in it, looking and speaking as she had when she gave me the presents. The vaultlike cold of the sunless apartment was slightly mitigated for her by a small stove; yet though the warmth inside her room would have been agreeable I did not want to go in. Thus, I was with her very little. But her door was often open, and when I went past it I would see her standing just within; we said nothing and I pretended not to see her. I was afraid of her questions. And I knew that Serafina, too, kept her door open, and was watching, and would tell my father everything we did.

The shouting and screaming at me began again after a very short period of quiet; my mother soon learned how we lived and would not have had to ask me questions. She saw that I was kept in because I got bad marks at school and, probably, that I was beside myself, but if I did what was required of me I would get some relief in the physical exercise

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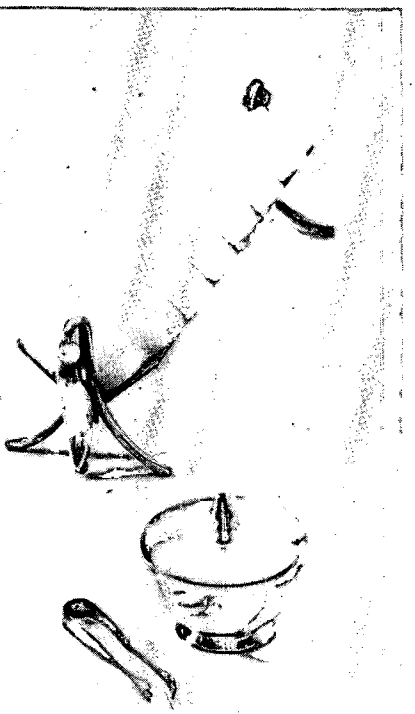

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that might then be allowed. So, every morning she managed to get a message to me, by a sign, a look as I passed, a whisper from Phoebe, that I must do well; and every afternoon, almost before I was inside the door, I could feel a sort of devouring expectancy, her waiting to know if I had earned a reward. Her face began to be fixed in a rigid look that I can understand now, and describe only as fanatical, as though she were alive for but a single purpose, her eyes, which never glanced about, seeing a single thing. She was continually moving from room to room, leaving the warmth of her own for the cold outside it; one could hear her little cough, though one did not see her, but at any moment one might meet her in her dark dressing gown, making no noise with her footsteps and never speaking, and I cannot express the horror with which this apparition filled me. And, as well, she had taught me to notice the iciness that would creep from my feet up to my knees while I was sitting at my homework in the cold room. Concentration was more impossible than ever with this strange agony of hers added to my difficulties.

What was also strange and incomprehensible to me, she paid no attention to what she was told of my criminality. I see now that with all that was left to her of life she fastened upon the physical conditions in which my body lived. Her obsession was to know if I was irrevocably shut in or going to be made happy, to know if my limbs were aching from imprisonment, if I was cold . . .

When I saw that complaints of me had no effect upon her, I felt obliged to test her and make perfectly sure. One day when she came to my room—as she did sometimes, briefly—and asked me if I had received a good mark for my sums, I lied to her blatantly, with a refutation of my words under her very eyes in the great black mark on the open book. Her expression did not alter, and in spite of the stern gaze that was upon me I knew she hadn't noticed the book or that I was lying. She suddenly left the room, and came back holding a big cup in her hands; she put it before me, and I saw it was full of hot milk. I felt a sinking sensation, either because I realized I had not eaten for several hours and was hungry or because of fear, and I drank the milk while she stood a little way off and watched me. The feeling of sickness and trembling increased in me as I drank.

She no longer asked that I should speak English to her, and—I knew it only too well—no longer expected, or even desired, anything from me for her-

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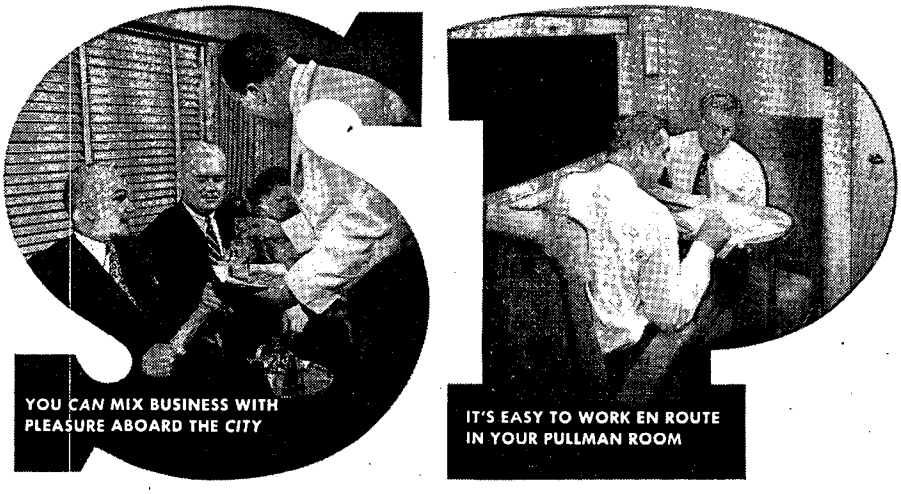

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self. She made no claim on me, as if she herself had ceased to exist. Sometimes I had unhappy impulses to show her compassion; once, coming home from school, I thought of buying her a bunch of violets. I cannot explain why I did not. I had ten lire, given me by her. I showed her nothing; I didn't even thank her for what she did for me. Once, she came in when I was doing my lessons and without any explanation handed me the adventure book which Serafina had torn from me a week or two before and which I had not been able to get back. She went out again and I knew, not needing to be told, that she was keeping guard for me. I read for perhaps half an hour, and then she was there again, taking the book from my hands. In another minute I heard my father's voice. She did this on several occasions.

There was one other emotion she was still capable of. She was still afraid of my father. I can't explain how I knew, for I never saw her shrink when we heard him coming, and the noise in which we lived never caused her face to falter. And yet by something, perhaps by a wilder look in her eyes when he was near, I knew. One evening from my room I heard him making a hideous scene like the one I had overheard during the thunderstorm. I had half opened my door, and after a little while I looked out and saw Phoebe in the passage, leaning against the wall, with her head hidden by her arm, which was as sharply jointed as a puppet's. I went up to her and rested my forehead against her other arm. It was the only occasion on which I showed any pity for my mother. Later, my father summoned me to the drawing room and I had to obey. My mother was lying covered by her fur rug on the sofa at one end of the long room, in the shadows, so I could hardly see her, and I went over to my father, who was sitting near the lamp. It had not happened before—that we all three were together like this. He gave me a boys' paper to read, something that was seldom permitted, and for a time there was a heavy and throbbing silence. Then he sighed, and I knew I was expected to ask him why he sighed. He made a slight movement with his head, and the touching, candid look came into his eyes. "It is a sad and anxious time for a man when his wife is ill," he answered. I was so ashamed for him that I hung my head.

She never dared confront him in my defense, never flew to the rescue, as an animal mother does. In a sense, her mind was elsewhere, and at such times I could actually see in her face she was thinking only that I would be kept

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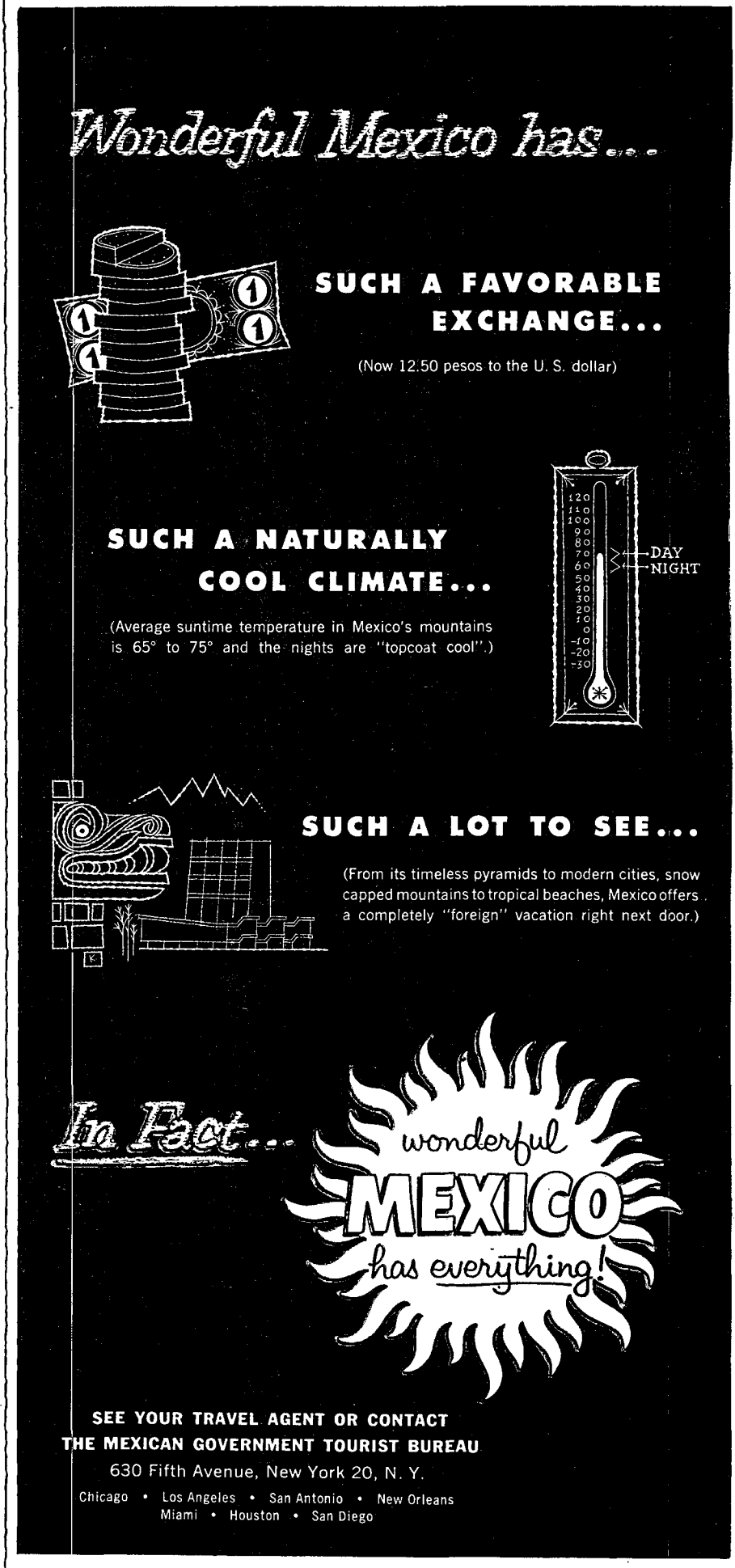
awake till I had finished my homework or I would lose the Sunday game. To supply me with the exercise I needed was what she was fanatically set on, and at that—in my father's absence, but risking detection—she grew brave. Once, she made Phoebe play blindman's buff with me in the big open middle of the drawing room, and I ran and ran about, and laughed and laughed at Phoebe's grotesquely jerky movements, and forgot that my mother was watching us through the door. Of course, my father heard of it, and we were forbidden ever to do it again, on the odd ground that it would damage the floor, which was of a hard marble composition. There was little she could do. But if it was certain my father would be gone for half an hour or so, she would send me outdoors with an excuse, such as the posting of a letter, and she would say as she pushed me to the door, "Run, run as hard as you can, for ten minutes, and then you won't want to be naughty." And if I stayed out longer and came back warm and glowing, she would touch my cheek or my neck—and without her features softening, it seemed, in the slightest, one could yet realize another expression in her face; a curious satisfaction would gleam in it for an instant.

AND now I have come to the end. I had been in black disgrace for several days, but my father told me one morning that if I brought home a very good mark he would let me go to the public gardens that afternoon and use my roller skates. My mother knew this; I think he had wished to impress her with his indulgence to me, after a bout of particular severity. All that morning at school I worked my hardest, and ten minutes before I was to receive my marks I was sure of getting the maximum. I can't reconstruct what then took place in my mind, but I believe that in the revolution that suddenly convulsed it there was the idea that I would see what my mother would do now. In those ten minutes I broke every rule that it was possible for me to break, as a climax pushing the boy next to me flat on to the floor and flicking paper pellets right over to the master's desk. I went home with almost the worst mark I had ever had and informed my father of it. And when the storm had spent itself he went out, and I was left in the apartment with my mother.

I still wanted to know what she would do, and instead of hiding from her, I went to find her, and, standing in the middle of the drawing room, I studied her face as she lay on the sofa. She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Who will write on golf for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED?

HIS name is Herbert Warren Wind. He has written three books on golf, "The Story of American Golf", "Thirty Years of Championship Golf" (co-authored with Gene Sarazen), and the forthcoming "The Complete Golfer", an anthology—and now he will be writing a column on golf for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

HERE is a passage from "The Story of American Golf", the definitive book on the subject:

"The first golfer was a shepherd—place him on a hillside in Greece, Palestine, or Scotland, as suits your taste—who was bored with his work. He started to swing his crook at stones, just to give himself something to do, and then, purely by accident, one of the stones disappeared into a hole and a strange tingling sensation raced up and down the shepherd's spine."

HE asked us not to mention it—but once, stirred up by colleagues who thought he played the game too slowly, he played 18 holes in 39 minutes and 10 seconds—and 89 strokes. It's a world's record, but Herb Wind doesn't think it has much to do with golf. There's a right way to play golf and a wrong way. This, he thinks, is the right way to prepare for the 4-minute mile. Nevertheless—18 holes, 39 minutes, 89 strokes

AT Brockton (Mass.) High he was a broad jumper, at Yale he played basketball, and when he was at Cambridge, naturally, he played rugby.

HE got to the first round of the British Amateur in 1950. But he usually forgets to add that it was a Walker Cup player who put him out, 3 and 1.

FOR a while during the war he was commanding officer of an airfield in China behind the Japanese lines. He played golf in that country and later, during the occupation, in Japan. In fact, Africa and Antarctica are the only continents he has never played golf on.

WE think he is the best golf writer in captivity.

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said nothing for a long while. There was no blame—I should have known there wouldn't be that—but there was worse. Before the mania in her eyes, which were opened so wide that the brow above them was furrowed, I shifted from one foot to the other, and at last turned to effect an escape.

"Wait!" she exclaimed, and I saw her throw back the rug that covered her and stand up beside the sofa. "We can dance!" she said, holding out her hand to me and smiling.

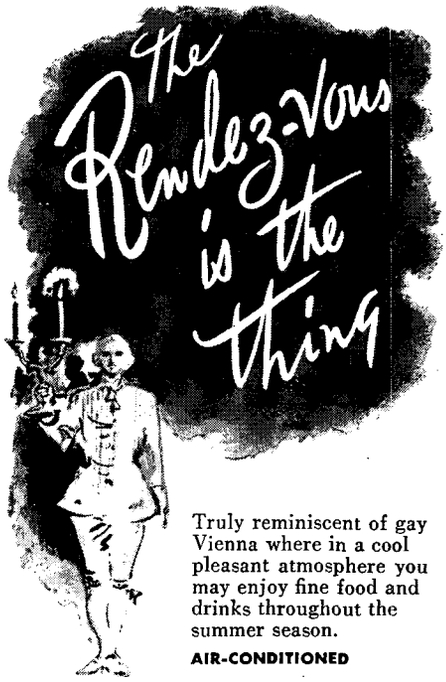
I backed away, but she said, "I will teach you—and look, we can even have music. It will be like a ball!"

There was an old music box on one of the tables, placed there on account of its quaint case, and when she had pressed the spring, a tune that I know now was the "Estudiantina Waltz" started up, bold and gay. My mother approached to the sound of the music, the madness gone from her face, which only smiled at me; but to me this was the greatest madness of all and I began to whimper, "No, no!" Not heeding, she took my hands, she put one of my arms about her waist and started to dance, drawing me with her, drawing me stumbling and not knowing how to follow. As she looked down at me she seemed to be shedding gentleness, and almost a kind of gaiety, in tune with the music. Because I couldn't keep step with her she let my arm drop from her waist and she danced in front of me, alone, to show me how. She was no longer the spectre she had been, she was changed—but I couldn't change with her, I couldn't forget, or yield to her gaiety and her smile. Soon she drew me to her in spite of my entreaties, and when we fell into some kind of step she laughed with delight. Her laughing and her quick breaths came together. A brilliant color had flooded her whole face.

"That's right, that's right!" she said. When the music slowed down she pressed the spring and the waltz leaped up once more. "This will make you warm! You'll see, it will make you warm!"

As we were going round the room there was a cry at the door of "Madam! Madam!" and then Phoebe caught hold of her and tried to lead her away. "Not yet! Only one minute more!" But "Oh, Madam, Madam!" rang in my ears, and, both released and overwhelmed, I know that I dropped to my knees on the ground and covered my face with my hands.

I WAS not told the facts until I was older, but that night I knew that some terrible thing was happening. I



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stayed in the drawing room, first out of fear and then, after my father had come home, out of obedience; he ordered me to remain there, and I was glad to obey him. He brought me the adventure book that my mother had several times given me secretly to read, and later he brought me my supper himself. His agitation had a sort of furiousness about it. Later—I don't know how many hours had gone by—a man appeared in the drawing room who said he was a friend of my father's. He took me off with him—and with my bag, which had been packed—to a strange house in another part of Rome, where there was an old lady who tried to talk to me and make me eat again. It was all a nightmare to me. Still later that night, the same man took me to the station, to a train, and he and I arrived at my aunt's town house the next morning. I asked no one any questions. I longed to see Phoebe—only Phoebe—and everyone else seemed an enemy. A week must have passed before I was told one morning that my father had arrived and was downstairs. I went down and, having listened first, opened the door of my aunt's room. She and my father were inside and she was smoothly, in a low voice, offering him the comforts of religion. When I had been told to come forward I saw he had tears in his eyes, and I stood watching him to see if the tears would fall.

My future course—with my future adoption of my mother's country—was decided, but not till long after I had become a man did I see, on looking back, at what point it was my course took its direction. I buried certain things too deep within me to be aware that they were directing it. But now I let myself remember. And now it does not seem possible that I was never able to explain myself to my mother. Today I could believe that another chance will yet be given me. —G. T. HUNTINGTON

•

MOST FASCINATING PIECE OF HIGH-PRESSURE SALESMANSHIP OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Denver Post*]

HOLLYWOOD.—Brian Donlevy is quite a real estate salesman as well as an actor. Eleven years ago, he bought a house from Mrs. Buddy De Sylva for $26,000.

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Mrs. Annie W. Parker, Past President of Wednesday Morning Music Club, Orlando, Fla., now member of Friday Morning Music Club, Washington, D. C. —*Bulletin of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

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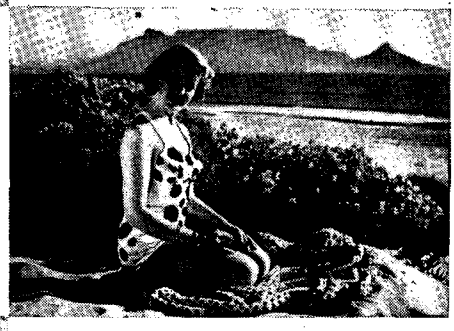

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Is Bonded Bourbon *Really* Too Strong?

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
. Established 1849

I sometimes meet up with a man who claims he "just can't take Bonded Bourbon at 100 proof."

When I do, I wonder how much he really knows about whiskey.

Some of the things I usually like to point out to such a friend are:

1. No whiskey comes to you at the same proof it comes from the still. It's *all* reduced in proof at bottling by simply adding pure distilled water.

2. As a distiller and practical businessman I see no sense in shipping water around the country when it's as handy as your kitchen tap. Cheaper, too!

3. The difference between 100 proof and 90 proof is the difference between 9 drinks and 10—*a small difference indeed to the man with moderate intentions!*

4. If you prefer a lower proof, be your own "rectifier" as you mix your bonded drink. Simply short your measuring jigger by a few drops, or add the extra water yourself to make your drink ¼ inch taller, or let the ice melt 2 minutes longer. You wind up with the desired proof in your glass, but with a lot more flavor.

5. Are you mistaking extra richness of flavor for higher proof? 100 proof is the *balance point* where that amount of flavor is transferred from barrel-to-bottle-to-glass which ice and mixer does not dull. Any excess water *we* might add to the bottle, to further reduce the proof, actually "marries" after a time with the bourbon esters and leaches out their taste.

We invite you to join the inner circle of business executives who have discovered the 100 proof excellence of Bonded OLD FITZGERALD and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hitchcock Confined Again

THE hero of the movie called "Rear Window" is a photographer who is firmly convinced that lens-and-shutter work is just about as fascinating an occupation as any a man could dream of. When we encounter him, he is laid up with a broken leg in a Greenwich Village apartment. The apartment opens onto a courtyard full of people who lead singularly public lives, and our man, possibly because of the habit pattern induced by his calling, whiles away his immobile hours with a spot of voyeurism. At all hours of the day and night he keeps his neighbors under scrutiny through the lens of a telescopic camera of some sort, and becomes so intent about it that he barely has time to observe the powerfully attractive configurations of a young lady who visits him persistently, with high hopes that he will eventually reveal a companionable spirit. When she broaches the idea of a permanent union, though, he bridles. "Did you ever eat fish heads and rice?" he demands. "Could you go through the jungle in high heels?" To this, the heroine, wearing a gown that must have cost her eleven hundred dollars, responds in the affirmative, but it gets her nowhere. "In my line of work, you don't sleep very much," the photographer goes on, "and sometimes the food you eat is made from things you couldn't look at alive."

No matter how upsetting the dietary notions of the cameraman may be, though, they are easier to take than the social notions of the neighbors he surveys so assiduously. One of these is a lady who gives cozy dinner parties for nonexistent guests; another is a dancer who leaps about incessantly; a third is a composer who attacks his piano with the stalwart fury of a lumberman trying to topple a redwood; and finally there is the villain of the piece—a Scandinavian gentleman presumably engaged in the lugubrious chore of butchering his wife. Although Peeping Tom spots this last one as something of a menace to society, a detective friend of his to whom he confides his suspicions insists that there is really no cause for alarm. After all, the detective points out, the fact that a man has several knives, a couple of fathoms of

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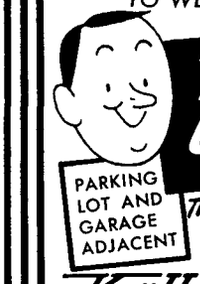

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rope, an ominous-looking trunk, and a missing wife is no reason to jump to any hasty conclusions. Without going any further into the professional logic of the detective, I will say that "Rear Window" struggles heavily to make the point that an ounce of intuition on the part of a photographer is worth a pound of pragmatism on the part of a cop.

The author of this claptrap is Cornell Woolrich, a popular drugstore author, and Hollywood's affinity for him is easily understandable. What isn't understandable, however, is Alfred Hitchcock's association with this enterprise. He is billed as the director, and I fear that "Rear Window" must be taken as another example of his footless ambition to make a movie that stands absolutely still. In "Rope" and "Dial M for Murder," he worked, to all intents and purposes, in one room, and in the current foolishness, he is confined to an implausible back yard. Maybe one of these days he's going to bust out the way he used to, and then we'll have some satisfactory films. The cast Mr. Hitchcock has employed includes Thelma Ritter, at her indubitable best as a visiting nurse; James Stewart, as the photographer; Wendell Corey, as the opaque detective; and Grace Kelly, as Mr. Stewart's suitor. If it came to eating fish heads and rice, I can't imagine anybody more likely to make them palatable than Miss Kelly. Indeed, her very presence in this film brings on an uncritical tolerance of the thing.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[From a speech by Senator Edwin C. Johnson, of Colorado, in the Congressional Record]

The Commission put together a mixed system. It entered 2 horses in the race; 1. a thoroughbred with breeding lines which showed it could run a long race superbly well; the other electronically fit, but hobbled by the big boys with monopoly in their hearts. Already the eggs have been scrambled and the omelette is on the way to being fried. It would take a wizard to put the eggs back into the shell and start over now. Once you start down Niagara Falls you do not retrace your steps. So the Commission clings to the hope that by some miracle the jockey on the second horse will push him into running a dead heat.

•

If you wish my bulletin on "How to Improve Your Memory," send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, plus a dame. *—Dr. George W. Crane in the Miami Herald.*

Who wants to remember? Eh, Tootsie?

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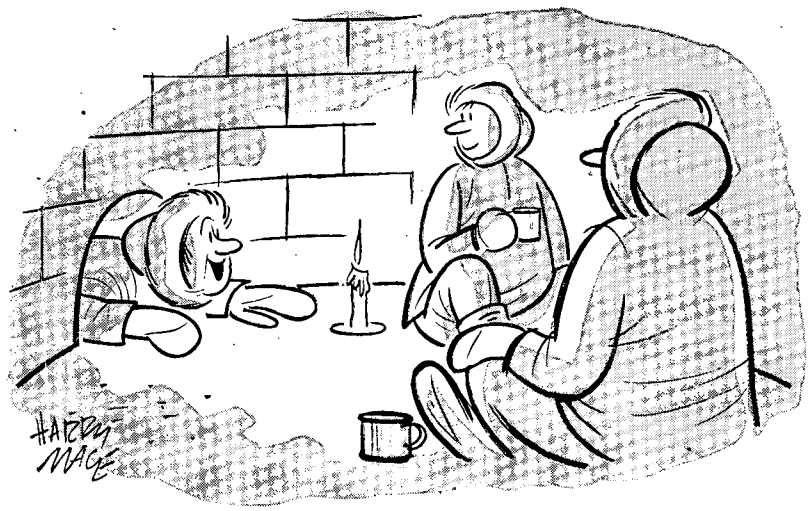

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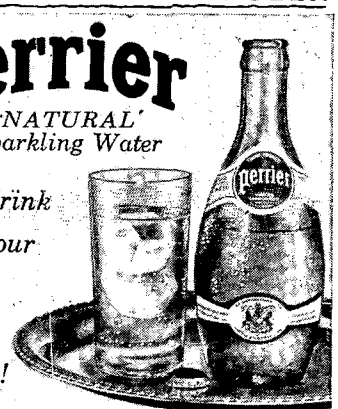

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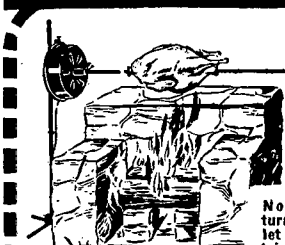

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

NINO AND A NANIMAL

A FEW months ago, a couple of fight trainers I know named Whitey Bimstein and Freddie Brown told me about a new talent confided to their care who was *outré* but interesting. "A nanimal," Mr. Bimstein said. "A throwback to the man of the gutter." "A mental case," Mr. Brown agreed, without disapproval in his voice. "By that I mean he's got to be doing something all the time." Managers, like book publishers, make most of the money, but trainers, like editors, participate more directly in the artists' labors. Bimstein and Brown are editors of prizefighters. Mediocrity depresses them; they are excited by talent, even latent. What they dream about is genius, but unfortunately that is harder to identify.

Technically, Whitey and Freddie can do a lot for a fighter—excise redundant gesture and impose a severe logic of punching, as demonstrable as old-fashioned mathematics. When I walked into Stillman's gymnasium the other day, for example, Freddie was tutoring a pale, big-boned boy at least as strong as a policeman's horse. ("Strength, most undoubtedly, is what a boxer ought to start out with," wrote Pierce Egan, the Holinshed of the London prize ring, "but without art he will succeed but poorly.") "Throw a left hook," Freddie would say. The boy would pull his left elbow back to a line even with his hip, and Freddie would slap him on the left side of the face and push. "What happened?" Freddie would ask. "I don't know," the boy would say. And Freddie would say, "All right, throw a left hook." The boy would pull his left elbow back again, and they would go through the same performance. When Freddie finally saw that the Socratic method was no go, he said wearily, "You dropped your shoulder and I come over it is what happened. Hook with your elbow in." He demonstrated what he meant. After he had sent the boy upstairs to do body exercises, he said to me, "He had a couple of fights in Canada, can you imagine? Up there it is like the amateurs." The next time I visited the gym, the boy wasn't there. He was back in Canada, I imagine.

It is the psyche that makes Freddie and Whitey sweat. Like authors, fighters of exemplary moral quality may be bores. And fighters who do a lot of beautiful things nobody else does may be children emotionally. The good boys get married. The bad ones get in jams. It is hard to tell which may mean more trouble for a trainer. "The worst trouble is assorted maniacs," Whitey says, "because you never know when it is going to break out." A fellow Whitey and Freddie know named Maurie Waxman had a fighter who could move almost as well as Benny Leonard, but he habitually lost his prey. As soon as the other fellow showed signs of damage, Waxman's fighter would back away. One night, in the ring with a tough Puerto Rican, Waxman's fighter hit his opponent in the first round, at which, according to Whitey, "the guy's eye come up like a grape." After that, Waxman's fighter refrained so studiously from hitting the eye that the other fellow made up much of the ground he had lost. Just before the last round, Waxman leaned over his fighter and said, "Julie, I ain't cruel, but just a *touch* on that eye would do it." The fighter looked up at his manager and said, "Maurie, I'm sorry, but I can't. I'm allergic to blood." In relating this to me, Whitey said, "That must of been a nice time to find *that* out." But where you suspect genius, you've got to go along. A harsh insistence on conventional methods may spoil an original style.

I have known Whitey for twenty years (he had been a trainer for fifteen years before that), and by now I can tell from looking at him whether he thinks genius is lurking just the other side of the horizon. Two years ago, he was desperate for talent. Prosperity had ruined the future, he said; any kid just out of school could get a job for sixty dollars a week, and as a consequence dilettantism was rife in boxing. The faintest frown of fortune would send a boy back to well-paid labor. Boys boxed only to attain social prestige. "Garbage," Whitey said then, when I asked him about the season's vintage. But this spring he was wearing the expression of an editor who has found two new poets and a woman novelist with an acid talent. The mild

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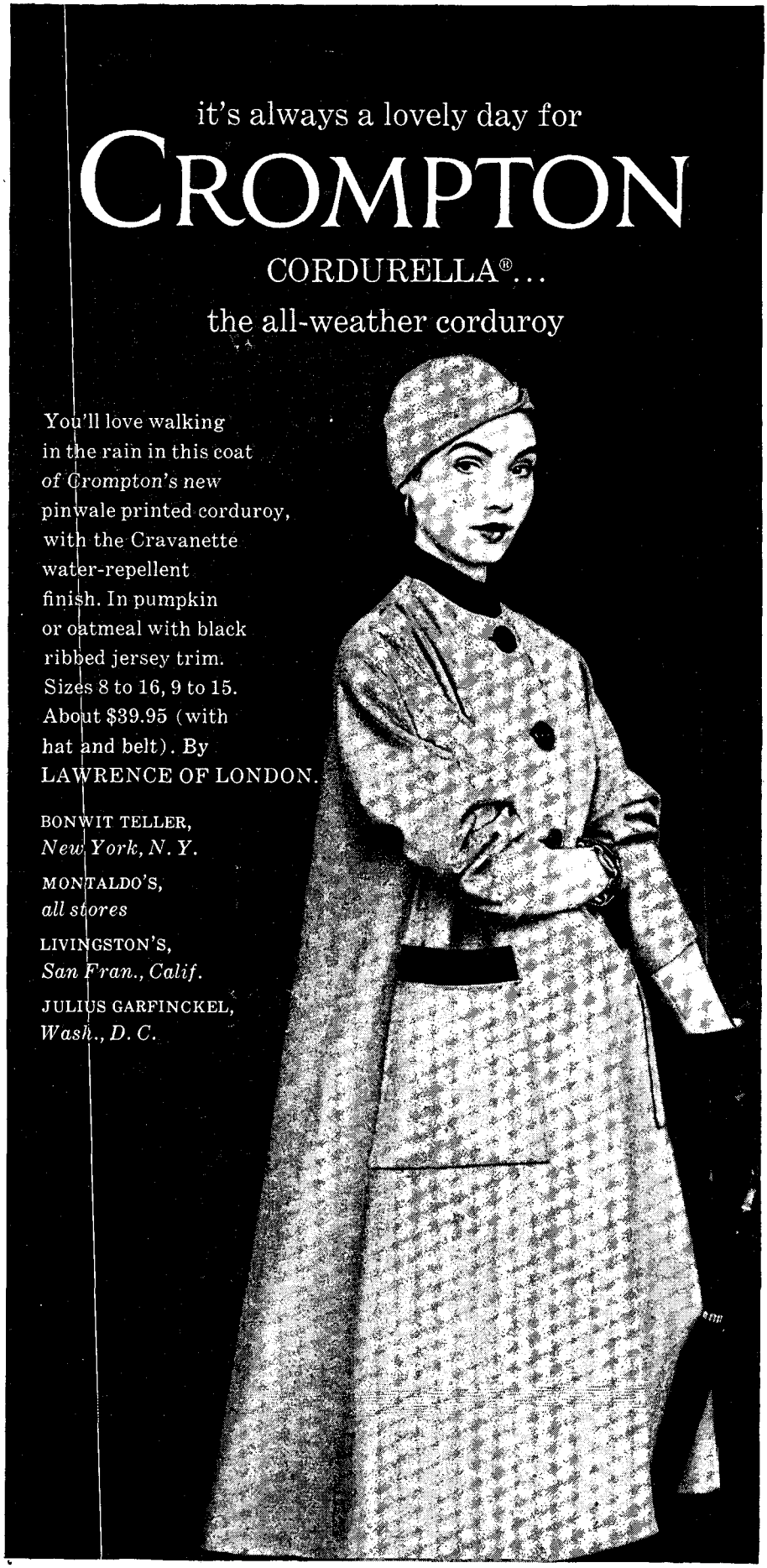
recession was not solely responsible, he said, although it had made the boys more serious about boxing as a vocation. He and Freddie had three good fighters training at once—two lightweights and one around '30 (130 pounds) who could do '26 to qualify as a featherweight. They also had this animal, Whitey said, who ran fifteen or twenty miles a day on the road and would box fifteen rounds every day if they would let him. Whitey was in the position of the late Max Perkins, with a handful of good established writers and a Thomas Wolfe in training in Brooklyn.

I asked him how big the animal was, and he said it was a colored heavyweight, six feet one and a half and over '90. "His name is Tommy Jackson," he said. "Until you know him, you don't know what you got to put up with." Freddie joined us and said it was a shame they had television. "This kid is still two or three years away," he said, "but how can a learner eat when television's killed off most of the small clubs? The only money is the feature, so they got to fight features or quit. This fellow had fifteen fights and then they made him with Rex Layne and Clarence Henry. Dog eat dog." I asked how the animal had made out against Layne and Henry, and Whitey said he had won big, but the trouble was now he had to keep on meeting name fighters. "How does he fight?" I asked. "He throws a lot of leather," Whitey said. "Like a noctopus!" Whitey is a small man—he used to be what he calls a bantyweight—with a rosy face and white eyelashes. His face and features are small in proportion to his head, and this gives him the look of a medium-old baby, which is disconcerting when he hasn't shaved for a couple of days. "He takes the best punch in the business," Freddie said. "The best thing he has is endurance." Freddie, an ex-featherweight, is bigger than Whitey and has a broken nose. I gathered from the two of them that Jackson won his fights by inducing exhaustion in his opponents, who collapsed like men worn out from slapping at horseflies. He stopped them without knocking them down.

As he talked about Jackson, Whitey looked a trifle self-conscious. "He is a ninstinctive fighter," he said. "He imitates what the other fellow does." "Can't you teach him anything?" I asked, and Freddie said, "Yeah, we are teaching him not to jab with his palms up, which he did so in case he changed his mind he would be ready to uppercut." Shortly after that, I read in the paper that Jackson had stopped a fel-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low named Bucceroni; it was another case of exhaustion.

THE first time I saw Jackson, it was on television and he was fighting a small heavyweight named Jimmy Slade, a trickster. Jackson did what I had been told to expect, but Slade didn't collapse. He cuffed Jackson around and made him look silly. I thought this might be good for Jackson, as his managers might now drop him back into his own sort of competition, where he would have a chance to practice. Instead, they got him a match in Madison Square Garden with a fellow named Norkus, whom he stopped, although he didn't knock him down. Managers have to eat, too. But they didn't take Slade again. Meanwhile, the sportswriters had adopted Jackson—whom they called Hurricane—as a dull-day subject. They said he couldn't read or write, made up songs, had a punch called the double uppercut, and blamed the Slade defeat on too much fresh air inhaled during roadwork. What attracted them most, I suspect, was the recurrent sports-page myth of the man who can do a complicated thing without learning how. It is an old dream of childhood, and, while it never comes true, people like to read about it.

At Stillman's, after the Norkus fight, I was puzzled to find that Whitey and Freddie themselves were taking Jackson seriously. At least, they said they were. The Slade defeat, Freddie said, had been due to an intense but ephemeral romance, followed by a debauch. "Jackson drunk five bottles of Coca-Cola before going into the ring," he said. "Naturally, that slowed him up starting. But in the last round he was getting to Slade." "A nanimal," Whitey said. "You don't know what you got to put up with." But now Whitey and Freddie had persuaded him to swear off soft drinks until after fights, they said, and his mother had broken up the romance. "Mentally, he was below par for Slade," Freddie said, opening new vistas of horror. "He's better now." We stood beside Stillman's No. 1 ring and watched Jackson work, and also the three good boys—Arthur Persley, a colored lightweight, who had an engagement with an Algerian fighter in Atlantic City; Davey Gallardo, a California-Mexican feather, who had a bout coming up in Philadelphia; and Cisco Andrada, another Mexican-American, from Compton, a suburb of Los Angeles. Andrada, like Persley, is a lightweight. He was going to make his New York début at St. Nick's, Whitey said, and he earnestly advised me to be present. "You will want to say you was there," he said. "He's got everything." All three young men, I noticed, boxed in accordance with the classical verities. They punctuated jabs with hooks, and hooks with crosses, and they uppercut with one hand at a time.

After the workout, we all went back to the honeycomb of beaverboard partitions that constitutes the private de-luxe dressing rooms at Stillman's. Each one is ornamented by a large sign, reading, "WASH YOUR CLOTHES—BY ORDER OF THE ATHLETIC COMMISSION." It was a hot day, and Whitey stripped to his shorts and rubbed his charges, one by one—a chore that he usually delegates to his assistant, a fat man named Coco. When Whitey takes over, it means he thinks he has something special. Gallardo had been working against extra-tall sparring partners, because the boy he was going to fight in Philadelphia was tall, and also, from the long view, because Sandy Saddler, the world's featherweight champion, is abnormally tall for his weight. Andrada had been working with strong boys, since his opponent at St. Nick's was a crowding type who was expected to have a few pounds on him. Persley, Gallardo, and Andrada are boys who have been to high school, and, as Whitey says, "they talk nice." No maniacs. Whitey kneaded them with esteem.

When Whitey got Jackson on the table, though, the animal began to squeal and laugh. "I'm so ticklish," he said. "Maybe that's why I fight so good." He has a small head, a long, cylindrical torso of no great diameter for a heavyweight, legs like a high jumper's, and long, powerful arms. His skin is a dark-plum color. "I was born under a pine tree," he said. "Maybe that's why I fight so good." I had heard he was raised at Rockaway Beach, where most boys skip school to go swimming, so I asked him if he liked to swim in the surf. "Not me," he said. "I got drowned in an undertow." Subsequent answers were no more illuminating. He looked disturbed, and then the reason for his preoccupation appeared. "Freddie," he said, "get me my wallet. Those nosy rats always lookin' in it." Brown brought him the wallet, and he sat up and spread some money on his knee. "The money is all there, Hurricane," Freddie said. "Twenty-four dollars." Hurricane shuffled the bills cunningly

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and said, "That's correct. Twenty-four." Whitey slapped him on the back and told him to turn over, and Jackson turned over, putting the wallet under his belly. After Jackson had dressed and gone, I asked the partners what they thought he would do to Rocky Marciano if the two should meet. "He would cut him to pieces," Whitey said, and Freddie nodded. Now I know why a lot of the books that get published do. Optimism is the besetting disease of all lovers of the arts.

The International Boxing Club, however, had already made Jackson with Nino Valdes, a Cuban heavyweight whose personality is more arresting than his workmanship, which is heavy and conventional, like a Spanish dessert. Valdes is very big—he generally fights at about two hundred and eight pounds—and highly experienced, but he has a reputation for laziness. Encountering Charlie Goldman, who edits Rocky Marciano, I asked him for an *expertise* on the forthcoming Jackson-Valdes fight, and he said that the Cuban's geniality had led people to underrate him. "He does a few good things, but after he does them, he loafs in between," Charlie said. "Jackson won't let him loaf, so Valdes will kill him."

THE next time I saw Jackson was in the offices of the New York State Athletic Commission, at 226 West Forty-seventh Street, a few days before the fight. Many of the fights in the Garden in summer are virtually studio shows for television, but the I.B.C. hoped to get some flesh-and-blood customers for this one. Valdes and Jackson had been sent to out-of-town training camps to underline the significance of the match; if Hurricane butchered the Cuban, he would be considered worthy of a fight with Marciano for the world's championship, a press release said. Now the pair had been brought into town for a physical examination, although both fighters were as healthy as mandrills.

When I entered the waiting room outside the office of the Commission's medical examiner, I saw Sammy Golden, one of the three men who split Jackson's contract—thirty-three and a third per cent each way. Golden is a diminished, skinny old manager who hasn't had any luck since a fighter named Georgie Ward retired in 1923. Ward was a real good welterweight and is now a cop in New Jersey. I like to talk to Golden, because I know a fellow who used to fight Ward on odd Saturdays in Boston. (On even Thursdays, they would fight in Newark.) This time, we

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had barely exchanged greetings when a man named Lippy Breidbart came up behind me and plucked at my sleeve. Breidbart also owns a third of the animal. He is a fattish man who dresses sharp.

I asked Golden whether it was true that Jackson could neither read nor write.

"Ask me," Breidbart said. "I'm the manager. Every time I look at a paper, Sammy is making a quotation. He is strictly Georgie Ward, he lives in the past. The answer is Jackson can read and write, but not good."

"*You're* the manager?" Golden said with spirit. "We should never have took you in."

"Shut your mouth!" Breidbart said. "You're an old man." His tone implied that only Golden's decrepitude protected him.

At this point, Frank Leonetti, the third owner, came up and turned on Breidbart. Golden withdrew to a far corner of the room and made faces. Leonetti is a bulky, bull-necked man, a division superintendent on a bus line, and it was he who discovered Jackson down at Rockaway Beach. "When you make a move, you don't tell us," he said. "You think that's nice?"

"That's a perposterous statement!" Breidbart said.

"Any time I make a perposterous statement, you let me know about it!" Leonetti shouted, shoving Breidbart with his belly.

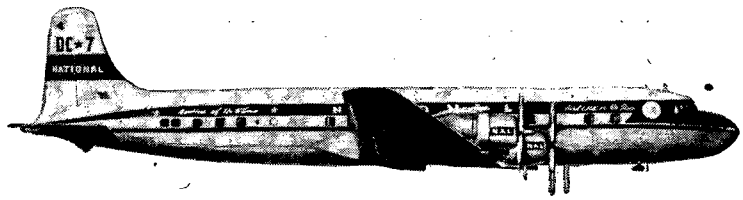
Breidbart is the manager of record, which means he is the one authorized by the Athletic Commission to make matches and sign contracts for the fighter. He was now advancing the contention that he also had the sole right to make statements. Jackson, who had joined us, put his hands on the shoulders of the two quarrelling men. "Why can't you guys get along?" he asked. "I'm the fighter. I'm the one should do the worrying, not you." He turned to Freddie Brown, who had brought him into town on a bus from his training quarters at Greenwood Lake, New York. "I don't like it here," Jackson said. "I want to go back to the mountains, shoot a mouse. No mouses here."

"You can't go back now," Brown said in a soothing voice. Then he turned to me. "Hurricane found a new interest," he said. "He shoots rats with a twenty-two. He calls them mice."

"Mouses," the fighter corrected him. "I shoot them between the eyes." He seemed depressed.

"He finds them on the dump," Freddie said.

When Jackson saw that Freddie



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AS a professional football player (The Brooklyn Dodgers) and a professional wrestler (300 bouts), Hickman spent hours with a group of literary pals he later organized into the Village Green Reading Society—whose members wear red baseball caps, and numbered jerseys while reciting verse. Two years ago he quit coaching for TV, a daily radio program, speechmaking, and writing.

HICKMAN is, in a word, a sort of vast and portable arena in which those chromosomes inherent in his awesome thews contend eternally with those inherent in the Hickman brain.

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wasn't going to take him back to the mountains, he wandered away and sat down, morosely staring at his feet.

"I don't know where he gets the energy," said Freddie, who looked underweight. "The hardest worker I ever seen before him is Marciano, but Marciano works steady and then he rests good. Also he eats good. Jackson don't sleep enough and he don't eat enough. These boys that ain't used to good food, it don't agree with them."

"What kind of food is he used to?" I asked.

"He wants hot dogs," Freddie said. "And also ice cream and pie. We got him to accept hamburgers as a substitute, but you got to watch him all the time. He fell out of a canoe which I had told him not to get into it, and he can't swim good. He wants to ride a horse, he thinks he is Eddie Arcaro. And he could easy shoot himself instead of them rats." Freddie shuddered.

Valdes and his manager, Bobby Gleason, had observed the ruckus between the three owners with polite amusement, like members of Miss Hewitt's Classes visiting a school for delinquent children. "The board of stragedy is having a tough time," Gleason said when I walked over to them. Gleason is a stocky man who runs a gymnasium for prizefighters in the Bronx. Valdes is the color of blond mahogany, and his shoulders look as wide as a door. He was wearing a raspberry steamer cap, a pink silk shirt (18 neck, 37 sleeves), and white pants. Gold teeth provided extra flash. Valdes and Gleason communicate in a lingua franca of English, Neapolitan, and Spanish, and Gleason interprets for others when he thinks it advisable. "Mucho wise guy, Bobby," Valdes says.

When Valdes took the pink shirt off in the medical examiner's office, we could see that he was wearing a gold chain with an amulet around his eighteen-inch neck, which he considers his most impressive feature. He got the neck by carrying three-hundred-and-thirty-pound sacks of sugar on his head when he was a boy. It makes him look slightly pinheaded. Dr. Vincent Nardiello, the examining physician, had the fighters spread their arms, so that he could measure their reach, and it made a good shot for the photographers, who ordered them to go through numerous repeats. Valdes said something in Spanish to Gleason. "He wants to know which one they are measuring for a casket," Gleason told me. The Cuban was six feet three, an inch and a half taller than Jackson, but Jackson had longer arms. Jackson, who had contin-

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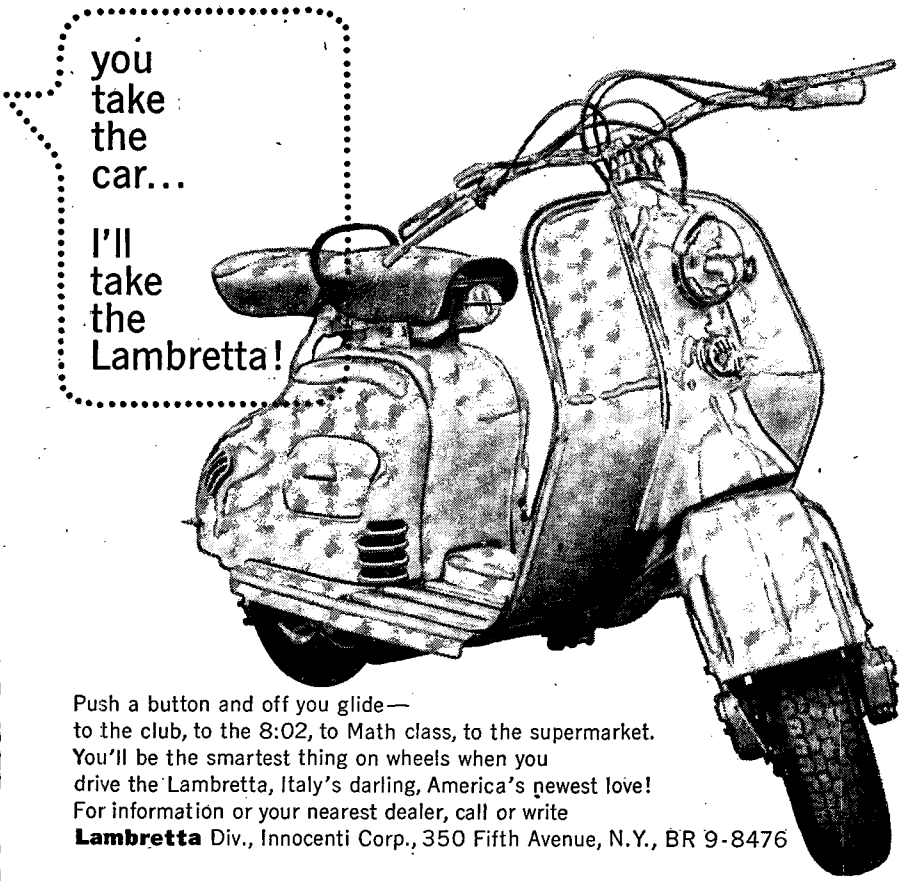
ued to look glum, cheered up for a minute when Dr. Nardiello allowed him to listen to his own heart through the stethoscope. "It sounds good!" he shouted. "Solid!" But soon he was pouting again. In the elevator, going down to the street, he closed his eyes and allowed his chin to droop on his chest, while he leaned his weight on Freddie Brown. "I don't like three men over me," he said. "If you don't take me back to the mountains, I'm going back alone."

Two days later, I heard that Jackson had run away from the mountains, because Freddie wouldn't let him ride a horse, and had reported to Whitey at Stillman's. Whitey had stayed there to handle the three bright boys. Jackson was like a child of divorce running from one parent to the other. When Jackson got to Stillman's, Whitey told me afterward, he said, "This is where I feel at home. No country air in my belly."

ON the night of the fight, I was more excited than I had been before any match for years, and for purely subjective reasons. If the animal won, it meant that what Egan called the Sweet Science was mere guesswork, requiring not even a specialized intelligence. It would be quite a different thing from the victories of immortals like Griffo and Dutch Sam, who were irresponsibles only when they were *outside* the ring. There have been plenty of musicians and painters who didn't have much sense otherwise, and Dostoevski was a political imbecile. I had nothing against Jackson *qua* Jackson, and I wished Whitey and Freddie all kinds of luck with their more conventional clients, but if the animal could beat even a fair fighter, it meant that two hundred and fifty years of painfully acquired experience had been lost to the human race; science was a washout and art a vanity, and Freddie and Whitey had queered their own game.

The preliminaries were unusually good and, from my point of view, reassuring. A tough-looking middleweight from Yorkville, named Schulz, knocked out a boy from Chicago with a short, economical right to the jaw—one out of the book. A dark, knowledgeable featherweight from Harlem prevailed tactically and strategically over a Fighting Newsboy, from Columbus, Ohio, who punched in wider arcs. The Fighting Newsboy did not attempt to upset the artistic canon; he simply operated too near its edge. The ancient laws appeared still to be operative when the principals entered the ring for the feature bout. We



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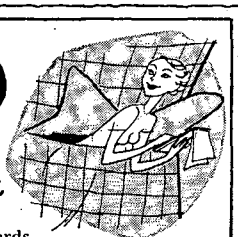
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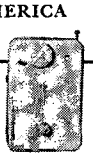
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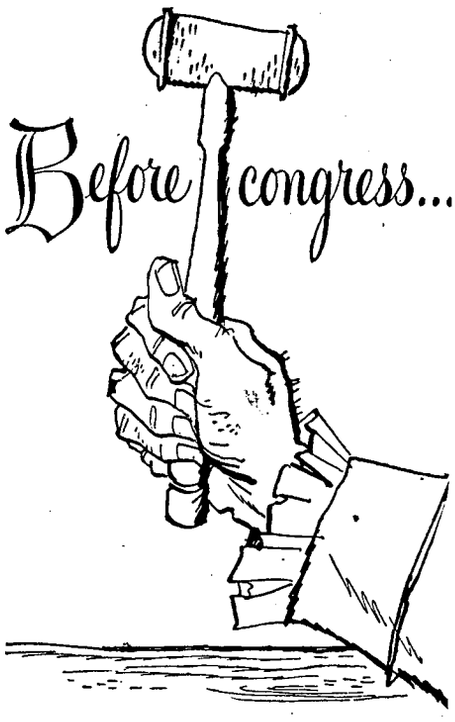

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sang the national anthem, as usual.

Whitey, Freddie, and Breidbart all came into the ring with their primitive. Jackson weighed a hundred and ninety and a half, which indicated that he had overdone his self-induced training sessions. Valdes's weight was announced as two hundred and four, which showed that he had done more work than customary, but not too much. In the first round, Valdes, boxing straight up, moved forward methodically and punched at Jackson's body. Jackson, fidgeting about, did not accomplish anything. A Cuban sitting next to me, possibly a political exile, said happily, "Well, Valdes gets cut up tonight, no?" Valdes is for Batista. There was no sign that it would happen.

Jackson stood up in his corner halfway through the one-minute rest period and did what gym teachers call "running in place," at the same time waving his arms. When the bell rang, he rushed out to meet Valdes, dabbing and slapping. Valdes took aim like a bowler and knocked him through the ropes, at which point, since Jackson's body was very nearly horizontal, the referee should have started a count, in my opinion, even though the lower strand prevented the animal's body from touching the canvas. Valdes—"mucho nice boy," as he would have said—turned and went to a neutral corner. The referee disentangled Jackson and upended him, and Valdes knocked him down again a couple of times. Each time Jackson fell—he did even that grotesquely, landing once sitting, once kneeling—he bounced up at the count of two or three. But the referee, because of a fairly new rule of the New York State Athletic Commission, had to stand in front of him and count eight before permitting the opponents to resume action. According to a collateral rule, if one boxer knocks the other down three times in one round, the referee has to stop the fight. (This is well intentioned but silly, because a boxer like Jackson, who doesn't know what to do with his feet, can be knocked down several times without being hurt much, while a fellow who is helpless but remains upright takes a beating without respite, the kind that is most likely to end in permanent injury. It has long been within the referee's discretion to stop a fight at any time, and that's the way the matter should have been left.) By my reckoning—and I was not alone—the second knockdown was really the third, and the referee, a man named Al Berl, should consequently have stopped the fight there if he was going to be a precisionist. But Berl let them go to it

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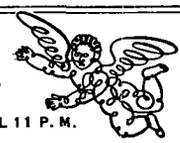
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again. Jackson was fluttering like a winged bird, making a difficult though harmless target, and Valdes, conscious of the three-knockdown rule, was following him about, eager to bring him down, even for a half second, before the round ended. Valdes has had many fights, has always finished strong, and was in good condition, but he seemed at this point to be heaving. Perhaps it was merely emotion, for he could not have anticipated a chance to knock off work so early. Several times he aimed as deliberately as if he were about to hurl a sack of sugar at a toad but missed. Finally, he missed Jackson's head with his right fist and, in recovering, hit him on the back of the neck with his forearm, as big around as a normal collar. He may simply have been trying to keep himself from falling. Anyway, Jackson's knees hit the floor, and Berl, perhaps to compensate for the time he hadn't counted, flung his arms wide in token of a technical knockout. Jackson promptly jumped up. In Pierce Egan's time, the victor might have offered to knock the loser out again to satisfy him, but that was before the Athletic Commission. (I know an old boxer who was awarded a fight on a foul, because the other fellow was biting him. My friend was enjoying himself, so he said he would go on with the match if the fellow would promise to stop biting. The opponent promised, but he didn't keep his word. "Maybe he hadn't ate lately," my man says.) Gleason towed Valdes into the corner of the ring farthest from Jackson and, snuggling against his flank, made him hold up his right hand for the benefit of the photographers, who got a picture like one of those circus shots taken under the elephant's trunk. From the way Valdes was grinning, he had a pretty good program lined up for the rest of the evening.

Meanwhile, Jackson was standing in his corner, shaking his head and refusing to leave the ring. He demanded the privilege of being hit some more. I could see Whitey and Freddie and a policeman arguing with him, and then they were joined by Dr. Nardiello, for whom I imagine Jackson has a lot of respect since the incident of the stethoscope. At last they persuaded him to leave.

After an early ending like that, most of the customers stay to watch the four-round "emergency" bout that is put on as a postscript. I watched a couple of rounds of it myself. One of the principals had been an early professional opponent of Jackson's, a scant twenty months back. On the basis of what I

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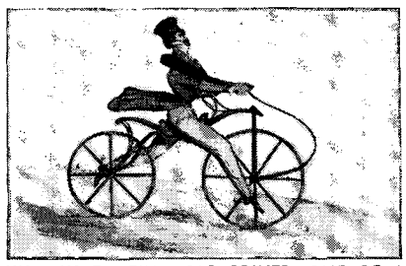

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saw, I can't figure how Jackson beat him.

THE show had drawn forty-five hundred cash customers—possibly six thousand in all, including deadheads, but even that is only a third of the Garden's capacity, and there was no trouble getting around. The evening seemed so incomplete that I decided to visit Jackson's dressing room, off the corridor on the north side of the arena, to hear the losing faction's story. There were perhaps twenty colored people outside the door, including several attractive girls. As I approached, the door flew open and Jackson, dressed and carrying a suitcase, dashed through the group and ran up the stairs that lead to an exit on Fiftieth Street, about midway between Eighth and Ninth Avenues. "Tommy, come back!" one of the girls yelled. I followed Jackson out, not knowing quite what he might do, and ran slap into a storm, of which I had been unaware. It was a short, intense squall that had just hit the city, and it seemed to me an exaggerated reaction to the defeat of Tommy Jackson. To him, however, marching off into the rain, it may have seemed a fitting recognition of the occasion. He turned south on Ninth, and my curiosity was not strong enough to draw me more than a short distance into the rain after him. Then I began working my way back toward Eighth, taking advantage of intervening marquees and saloons for cover. At Muller's, on the north side of the street, they have Münchner beer on tap, and I sheltered there longer than at any other place. By the time I got around to the main entrance of the Garden, the storm had died to a drizzle, but there were still a couple of dozen fight people under the big marquee talking about the night's events. I saw a second named Izzy Blank, who had worked a pair of the minor bouts, and asked him if he knew what had happened to Jackson. "He's walking around the Garden in the rain," he said. "He's been around ten times since I've been standing here." We waited, and within a minute Jackson swung by—silent, head forward, looking like a priest who has found he has no vocation or like an actor hissed from the stage.

I asked Izzy if he had seen the disputed knockdown, but he, a diplomat, offered a good alibi. "After the second knockdown, I was on my way to the dressing room," he said. "I had the emergency." He meant he had been engaged to second one of the boxers in the final four-rounder, and he had sensed that it was going to be needed earlier

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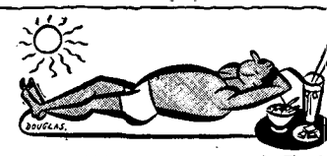

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than anybody had expected. "I had my back to the ring," he said.

The rain was easy to ignore now, and Izzy said he was going to walk up Eighth, stopping by a couple of bars where he might meet other fight people. "We'll probably find Whitey at the Neutral Corner," he said. The Neutral is a bar on the southwest corner of Fifty-fifth and Eighth, and when we got there, Whitey was on a stool smoking a cigar and having a glass of beer. "If they want to rune boxing," he said, "that's the way to do it. He wrastled him to the ground just when the kid was hitting his stride."

"His what?" I said.

"Sure," Bimstein said. "He was just beginning to come on good."

"How about the first three knockdowns?" I asked.

"There was only one knockdown," Whitey said. He rejected my proposition that Berl had let the animal off the time he got knocked through the ropes. "And the second thing he called a knockdown, that was a push, too," Whitey said. He appeared calm, not bitter, and acted as if it was a matter of little moment to him if the Commission wanted to take the bread out of its own mouth. "He was just sizing the fellow up," he said. "And the fellow trips him, and boom, Berl stops the fight." I began to suspect we hadn't seen the same fight that evening.

"When does Cisco fight again?" I asked Whitey. I knew this would cheer him, because Cisco Andrada is a honeydew melon; with Cisco, a trainer doesn't have to change a comma. "I saw Cisco with Digilio, and he did everything right," I said. "The only thing I wondered about is how he will react to a good punch. He's so clever it will be a complete surprise to him."

Whitey looked me dead in the eye. "Cisco's got a heart like a lion," he said. "When he gets hit, he's libel to kill the other guy. I hope it never happens. It would rune boxing."

—A. J. Liebling

•

Kingston, Jamaica—Police charged that one sailor—threatening to shoot anybody who tried to prevent his shipmates on the United States destroyer Hale from taking their tax-free cigarettes ashore Saturday—fired a rifle bullet over the head of waterfront policeman Henry Cox when Mr. Cox accosted a petty officer.

Another sailor was accused of opening fire with a revolver during a floor show performance when the dancing girls refused to do a strip tease. The sailors were in Kingston on a courtesy visit.—*The Herald Tribune.*

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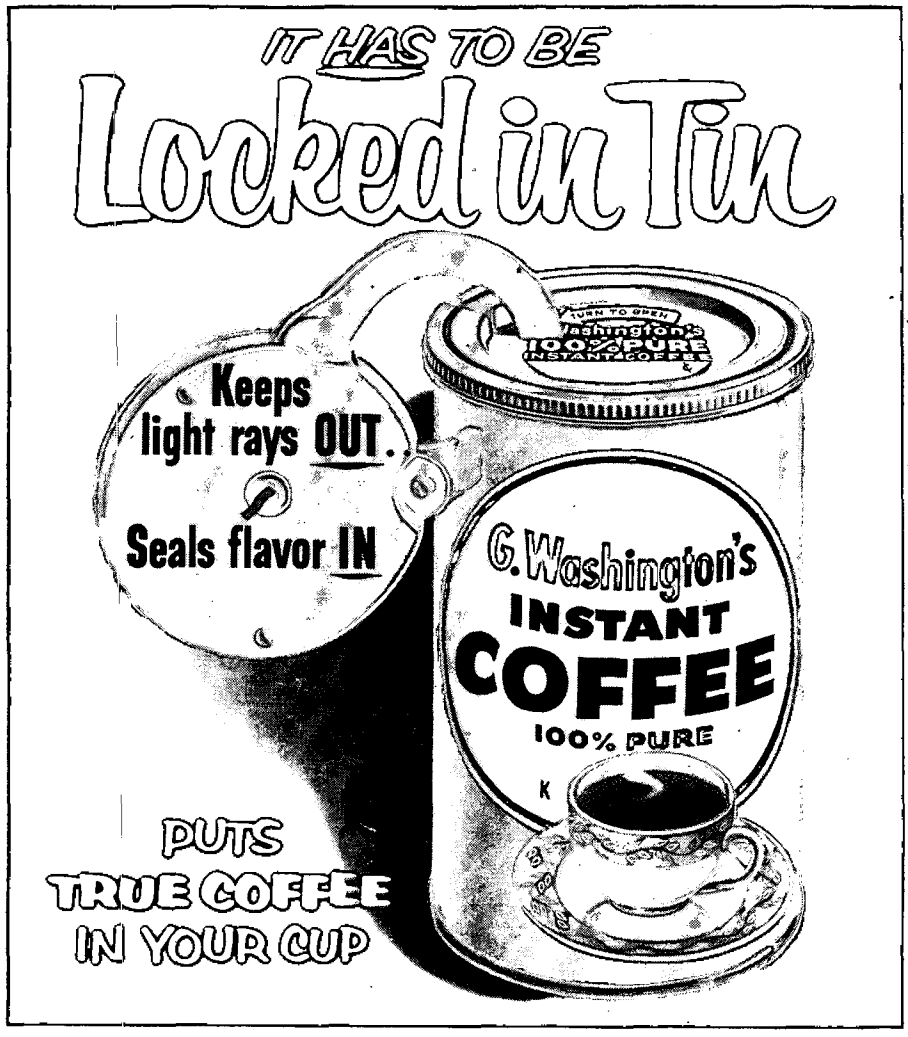

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THE RACE TRACK

Big Money

THE Arlington Handicap, at Chicago, which I caught on television last weekend, was a little better than anything I've seen on Long Island since the Brooklyn Handicap early last month. You couldn't have asked for a livelier finish, for Hasty House Farm's Stan got up in the last few strides to beat Brush Burn by a neck. Sir Mango was third, and the eleven other entries were close behind. The race came over the air waves beautifully, too, probably because it was run over the turf course and had a green background. Anyway, the runners were easy to pick out—Landlocked, who led into the stretch; County Clare, who also made a good try; and Find and Iceberg II, neither of whom went too well. The cameraman deserves high marks. He followed the horses all the way around and waited until everything important was over before focussing on the horseplayers waving at the camera.

The reason the Arlington was a good show isn't hard to explain. It had a big purse (the gross value was $156,000), and the runners went all out for it. I suppose the everyday events at Arlington Park are no better than they are at other tracks (as a matter of fact, the Class C horses there would be Class D here), but the stake races are good. The Arlington was one of a series of races on the grass that will wind up with the Washington, D.C., International, at Laurel, in November. (Another is the United Nations Handicap, at Atlantic City, next month.) And by the way, it's more than a dim possibility that Queen Elizabeth will have a starter in the big do at Laurel—a very nice three-year-old colt named Landau. To get back to the Arlington, the awkward fact remains that Stan isn't much of a horse. He won only a couple of minor events last season, and his best efforts in his five previous starts this year got him home in third place twice. Apparently he outran himself last Saturday. At any rate, his share of the purse—$99,050—will pay for his oats and hay for some time.

NEARER home, the jolt of the weekend was the defeat of Errard King in the Choice Stakes at Monmouth. Punkin Vine, a 50–1 chance—actually, he paid only $96.20, but we

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horseplayers love to exaggerate—did the trick after racing head and head with Errard King down the stretch. George Howell, Punkin Vine's owner and trainer, was almost as surprised as everyone else. He had considered scratching the colt but decided he might as well run and take a stab at fourth money. Among the also-rans were Full Flight and Paper Tiger, who finished one, two in the Saranac Handicap at Jamaica the previous Saturday. And if you care to make anything of it, Bassanio, who won the Monmouth Handicap the Saturday before, was out of the money in the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap at Jamaica last weekend. However, most of the merchants and citizens at the Long Island course didn't mind too much, because Brookmeade's Capeador, who won by a neck from Social Outcast and by half a length from Mandingo, was the favorite.

IT was fairly inevitable, the potential earning power of racers being what it is these days, that bidding would be higher than a cat's back at the Keeneland Sales in Kentucky last week. I venture to say, though, that nobody dreamed a yearling would bring $86,000—the highest price ever paid for a thoroughbred of that age in this country—as a chestnut colt by Nasrullah out of Lurline B. did the other afternoon. The buyer was F. J. Adams, a Texas oilman and a newcomer to racing; the contending bidder was Allie Reuben, owner of the Hasty House Farm stable. As far as my outside men can learn, the colt was bought by a syndicate, of which Mr. Adams is the head. Other high prices were $60,000, paid by Mrs. John McMahan, a Californian who is also a new owner, for a colt by Alibhai out of Boudoir II, and $50,000, paid by Arnold Hanger for a colt by Citation out of Boat. (He's the first of Citation's children.) Altogether, three hundred and forty-four beasts were sold, and they brought $3,414,300. Now horsemen are wondering what the yearlings offered at Saratoga will bring—especially those from the stud of the Aga Khan.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Crab grass, the enemy of fine lawns, already is beginning to form seed heads. It isn't too late to apply one of the new chemicals which eradicates this pest. In its mature form, however, several sprayings will be needed. the mess the Democrats made
—*Pittsburgh Press.*

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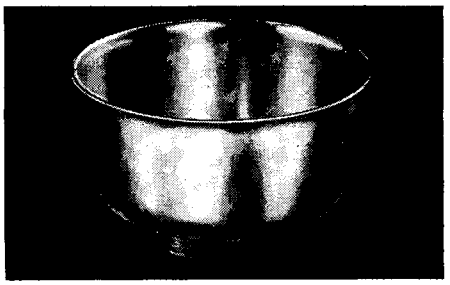

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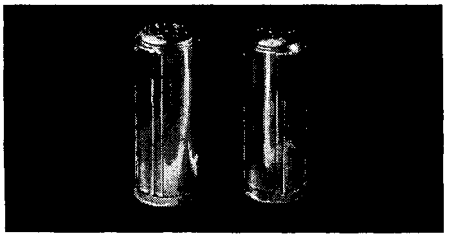

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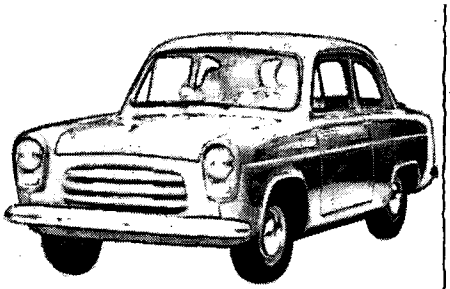

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AUNT GEORGINA'S THINGS

IT was generally believed that my father's eldest sister, Georgina, had fallen in love with the Mediterranean Sea. Although she often visited her native England, she spent the greater part of each year travelling about the countries that border those waters, never staying long in any one place. Her movements took no account of the seasons. She was quite likely to appear at our home in Derbyshire when our customary gray, damp weather was at its grayest and dampest, and to settle down for a month's stay in Tunis when it was too hot for her to leave her hotel room.

Aunt Georgina had not always been able to travel as freely as this. She was the eldest of six children. Both her parents had died by the time she was twenty-three, and until the youngest child had completed his education, she kept house for them all. Georgina was a tall, handsome girl with auburn hair and decided opinions, one of which was that she was never going to marry. (She died at the age of eighty-seven, still single.) As soon as she felt it proper to do so, she gave up the family home, stored the furniture, and set off alone for that part of the world where she most wanted to live.

Georgina had travelled in Italy and France while her parents were alive, but always carefully chaperoned. Now, for the first time, she was able to do exactly as she wished. She spent her days studying languages and archeology, and her evenings going to parties. Although determined not to acquire a husband, Georgina was a sociable girl and liked people, and people, apparently, liked her.

My father, a Church of England clergyman, was forty when he married, and so I never knew Aunt Georgina when she was young. My earliest recollection of her is of a tall, big-boned woman with white hair drawn up from her large, pale face by tortoise-shell combs, and a severe, rather disapproving expression. Aunt Georgina did not like children, particularly small girls, and consequently it was many years before her visits to my home in Derbyshire were any pleasure to me. Gradually, however, as I grew older, Aunt Georgina's attitude toward me mellowed. When I was fifteen, she invited me to spend two weeks with her in Rome, and after that holiday our friendship was sealed.

Erratic though Aunt Georgina's movements were, there was one engagement that she never missed—the Hellenic Society's annual visit to Greece. Each spring, a chartered yacht sailed from the Port of London to Athens, bearing a group of the Society's members on a three-week tour, as the guests of Greek colleges and archeological societies. Sometimes my aunt joined the party after it had reached its destination, but she preferred to come to London and start from there, so as not to miss any of the lectures and seminars with which the party regaled itself en route.

Aunt Georgina had had no training in archeology. She had learned all she knew from her friends, from books, and from her own observations. She began studying Greek and Arabic (French, Spanish, and Italian she already knew); she accompanied digging expeditions; and she helped to sponsor the production in London of a number of Greek plays. Her hobby was something of an obsession. Once, when I was lunching with her at a dockside café in St. Tropez, she looked out over the blue waters and said, "The Mediterranean must have been quite interesting even as late as Saint Paul's day." It pleased Aunt Georgina very much when her friends consulted her, as they sometimes did, about their research projects. And when an expensively printed archeological work in several volumes was dedicated to her, she was delighted.

In London, Aunt Georgina always stayed at a hotel in Bloomsbury that was handy to the British Museum. She attended a great many lectures, art shows, and exhibitions, and usually invited one of her nieces (for a while there were four of us at London University at the same time) to accompany her. Aunt Georgina's invitations came in writing—she never used the telephone except to call a cab—and she expected them to be acknowledged in the same way. The invitations included lunch or dinner at whatever Soho restaurant Aunt Georgina believed at the time to be serving the best French, Italian, or Greek food.

My cousins and I found her excellent company. She never asked us how we were getting on with our work or what we did with our leisure time, and when she gave us advice, it was always about frivolous things. For example, Aunt Georgina thought it very important for a woman to know how to choose, and

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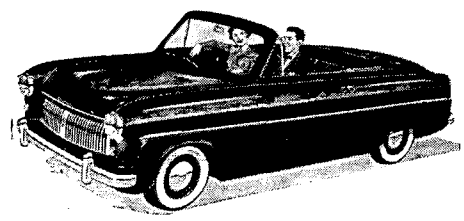

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wear, a pretty hat. She herself always wore very plain suits and dresses, to which she added such gay millinery, gloves, parasols, and handbags that it seemed as if she deserved to move in livelier circles than those provided by her relatives and by the members of learned societies.

Her nieces wished, of course, to make some return, and Aunt Georgina always accepted our invitations, but she never pretended to have enjoyed herself if she had not done so. After a matinée of "Private Lives," she said, "It was very nice of you to take me, and in such good seats, too, but I don't find I have much rapport with people who live like rabbits from the highest motives."

On another occasion, one of my cousins asked her to a strawberry squash on the island in the lake in Regent's Park. These squashes were breakfast picnics, organized by (I think) the girls who belonged to the Bedford College boat crews. Aunt Georgina arrived punctually at 7:30 A.M., fully dressed for a regatta. She wore a white, beautifully tailored linen dress, a hat with assorted fruits weighing down the brim, long mauve gloves, and a mauve-and-gold parasol. Her outfit did a lot to enhance my cousin's prestige; everyone else's guests had come in shorts.

IN late middle age, Aunt Georgina developed a passion for collecting furniture. She picked up pieces everywhere she went—anything that caught her fancy. One might have thought that this would be awkward for a single lady who spent her life in hotels, but Aunt Georgina did not find it so. Her taste, though good, ran to mass and weight; the larger things were, the better she seemed to like them. As the pieces were bought, they were shipped home to a storage warehouse in Southampton, but they never stayed there long. Aunt Georgina liked to lend her possessions, and this was often extremely helpful to her relatives and friends. When my parents moved to the fifteen-bedroom rectory in Derbyshire that was my home during most of my childhood, my mother, with Aunt Georgina's loans, had to buy hardly any furniture. My aunt's generosity, however, had its drawbacks. She did not like it if her offers were rejected. People who live in small houses do not always want to give houseroom to immense furniture, even if that furniture is splendid of its kind, and old. When one of my cousins got married and settled in a suburb of Birmingham, Aunt Georgina sent her as a wedding present a dining table large

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enough to seat twelve, and eighteen straight-backed chairs. My cousin made room for as many of the chairs as she could, but the table would not even go inside the house, and it had to be stored, with the rest of the chairs, at considerable expense. Aunt Georgina, hearing about this, was amused. She said, "Rosemary and Edward have bought such a quaint house! One cannot even sit down to dinner in it."

However firm we tried to be when it came to standing up to Aunt Georgina's generosity, she usually had her own way in the end. It got to the point where she could strike terror to the hearts of her oldest friends simply by standing with her head a little on one side in front of a piece of wall. "I have a Florentine mirror that would go very well there," I remember hearing her say, "if you wouldn't mind moving that curious little water color you painted on your honeymoon."

Our Derbyshire rectory was so large that we were able to absorb any amount of Aunt Georgina's treasure, but we had our problems with her, too. Although her loans were more in the nature of gifts—I never heard of any piece being reclaimed once she had lent it—Aunt Georgina, by lending rather than giving, preserved the right to supervise her property, and she had a prodigious memory. She knew exactly what she had lent us, when she had done so, and where it had been displayed on her last visit. If a piece was not in its accustomed place, she wanted to know where it had gone, and my mother, whose memory was poor, often could not remember what it was that she was supposed to be accounting for. Until the object was located ("The inlaid worktable is in the child's bedroom, dear. I find it is being used as a repository for cricketing magazines . . ."), it was uncomfortable for everyone.

On one occasion, Aunt Georgina wrote from Marseille to say that she was lending my father a clock for his study mantelpiece. My father's mantelpiece was precious to him in the way that a compost heap is precious to a gardener; he was fussy about what went on it, and once something was there, he did not like it removed. Before the arrival of Aunt Georgina's clock, the mantelpiece held twenty-two pipes, several tins of tobacco, pipe cleaners, some bundles of spills that he rolled himself from used postcards, stacks of matchboxes (most of them empty), newspaper clippings, books, and a dozen or so of the brightly colored tinfoil wrappings that come around the tops of bottles of port. Once a year, at spring-cleaning time, my

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father parted with a little of this material, to make room for the next year's accumulation.

Aunt Georgina's clock took a long time to reach us, and she happened to be at our house when the crate arrived. Having seen the study mantelpiece, she realized what she was up against, and she maneuvered skillfully. The crate was not opened for several days, and in the meantime she went to Nottingham and bought my father a heavy oak pipe rack. My father was delighted, and, at Aunt Georgina's suggestion, he hung it on the wall above the mantelpiece, well over to one side. The next day, Aunt Georgina unpacked her clock.

She had bought it from a dealer who was a friend of a friend. The dealer had explained that although the mechanism of the clock was beyond repair, the casing itself was valuable, being of a rare late-eighteenth-century design. It stood about eighteen inches square, but it was narrow enough from front to back to fit easily on a mantelpiece. It was made of dark-green marble, and it had a flight of little marble steps leading up to the base of the clockface, which was set back in a wreath of tiny bronze flowers. On the top of the clock was the seated figure of an elderly man. He wore sandals and a flowing robe, and he had a kindly, placid face, a long, crinkly beard, and a head of beautifully thick, curly hair. My aunt informed us that the man was Saint Paul, and that he had not originally been part of the clock; he had been added during the early years of the nineteenth century.

By moving the tobacco tins, pipe cleaners, matchboxes, and spills to the end of the mantelpiece under the new pipe rack, and the books and newspaper clippings to the opposite end, my aunt managed to make room for everything except the tinfoil wrappers. In the center of my father's mantelpiece, the clock certainly looked handsome. My father, who, I suppose, knew by then that he was beaten, raised only two objections. He first pointed out that the clock did not go. My aunt said, "Why should it? You have others." Then he complained that he now had no place to keep his port tops. My aunt considered this situation carefully, and then said, "One of them would make Saint Paul a very attractive hat."

So my father threw away all his tinfoil wrappers except one, with which he made Saint Paul a high, red conical hat. All my life, I suppose, when I try to picture what Saint Paul looked like, I shall think of an elderly man in sandals, a bronze dressing gown, and a

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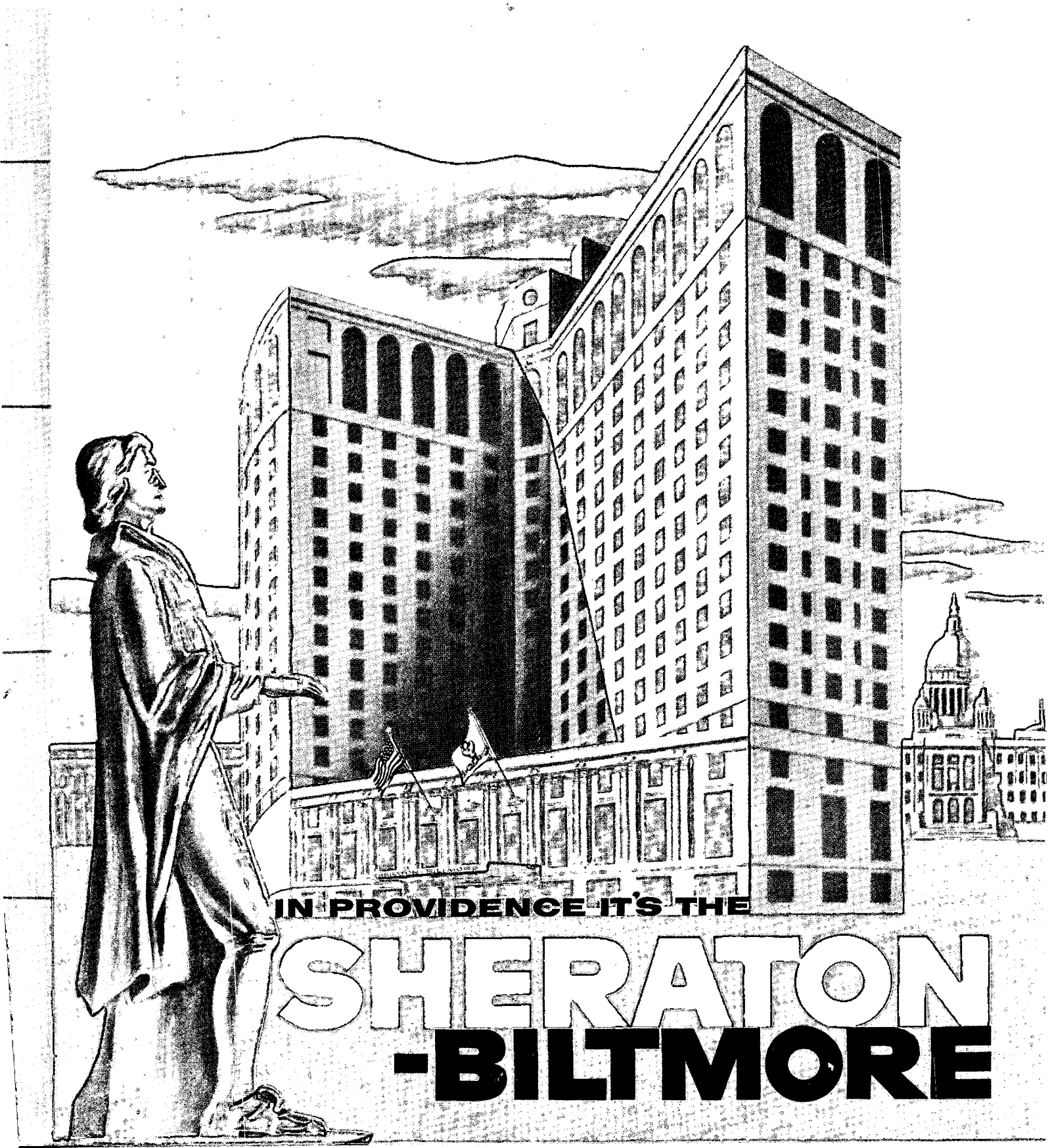

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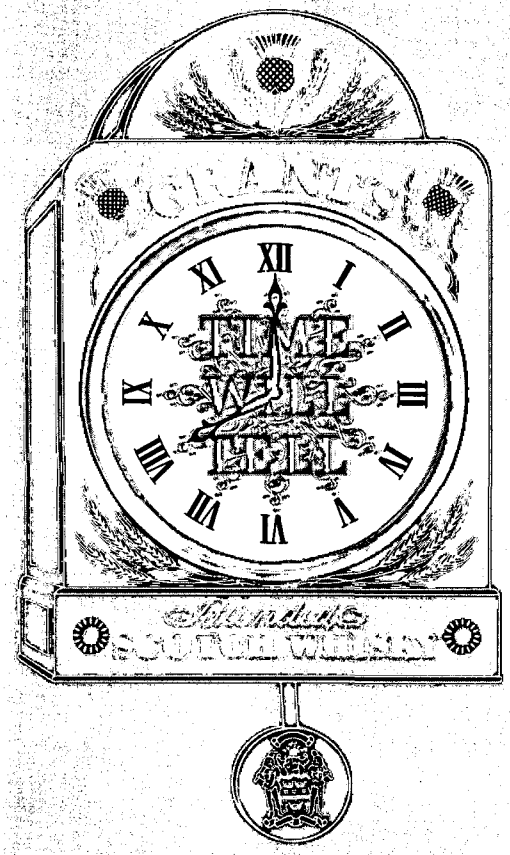

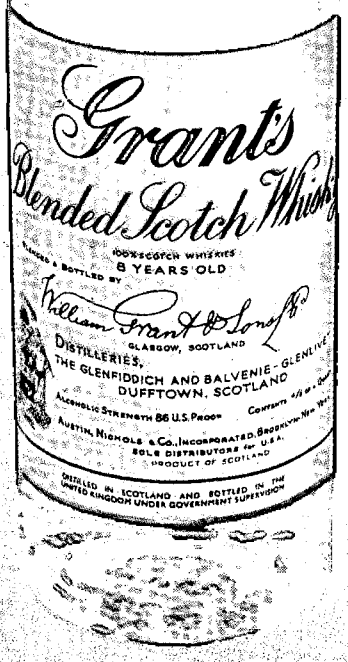

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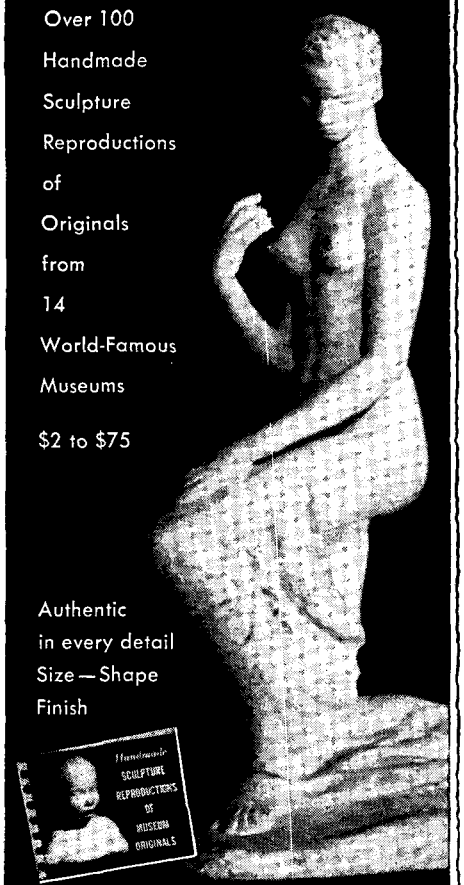

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tall, red tinfoil hat—the hat, on account of the abundance of the wearer's curls, being set at a rakish angle.

It might be assumed from all this that Aunt Georgina was a difficult house guest; actually she was very easy to entertain. She liked to have a companion for her daily walk, but the rest of the time she preferred to be left to amuse herself. She always brought a large number of books with her, and she pursued her archeological studies for several hours each day. Her interests meant that she could never travel light. Several trunks, hatboxes, bags, and bundles accompanied her on even the shortest visit.

ALTHOUGH Aunt Georgina liked best to be on the move, there was one period of about five years when she did settle down, in England—in a black-and-white wooden warship, like H.M.S. Pinafore. The ship, which was afloat in the Thames a few miles above Tilbury Docks, belonged to the government and was used as a reformatory training establishment for young first offenders, most of whom entered the Merchant Navy after their discharge. One of my uncles, on his retirement from the Royal Navy, was given command of this ship. He was unmarried, and Aunt Georgina agreed to act as his hostess. She could not use any of her lovely furniture, because the ship lay about a quarter of a mile out from the Essex shore, and the only means of transportation was a rowboat manned by three of the more improved delinquents. These already had their work cut out for them, ferrying all Aunt Georgina's clothes, books, china, glass, pictures, linen, and silver.

My aunt did a fine job. With the help of a woman cook, she trained a succession of boys in the arts of serving as butler, steward, and houseboy. The captain's quarters were kept shining and neat as a pin, and the service was that of a first-class hotel. Several of the boys entered domestic service instead of the Merchant Navy as a result of Aunt Georgina's teaching, and some of them continued to write to her and to send her Christmas cards up to the year she died.

The ship was a wonderful place to visit; there was always something interesting going on. The activities on board were much the same as those at any rather strict military school. Each day at noon, the entire ship's company drilled to the music of their own brass band, and my uncle took the salute on the quarter-deck. There were games fields and a swimming pool onshore, and my uncle had a small sailboat, but

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I always found these entertainments mild compared to simply being in the ship. Although I was always disappointed that the biggest liners never came above Tilbury, smaller ships of many sizes and every nationality passed close by us all day long. Among them were the slow Thames barges, with their great red sails. Evenings, after dinner, when the boys were in their hammocks and everything was quiet, I would sit on the admiral's stern walk and listen to my aunt telling stories of the ancient world, while her home rocked gently beneath us on the dark river.

OF all the property that Aunt Georgina owned, her favorite was a portrait, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of my great-great-great-grandmother. Lawrence is said to have done his best work at a time when he was having simultaneous affairs with a mother and daughter, his calm, controlled style being directly inspired by the presence in his studio, while he painted, of two hysterical women having a row. My great-great-great-grandmother is pictured full face, seated in a big chair and knitting without looking at her needles. She wears a lace cap and a soft lace fichu over her black velvet dress, and there are jewels in her ears and in the rings on her hands. She looks like a woman of severity and humor, and there is something about her that reminds me of Aunt Georgina, although Great-Great-Great-Grandmother was a long way from eschewing matrimony. (She produced twelve sons.) I can see that it would have been difficult to stand up to her, too, if she had made up her mind to lend one anything.

The portrait measures forty-eight by sixty inches, and it used to have a massive gold frame that added another couple of feet to its height and width. For many years, the picture hung at the end of a long hall in the house of the eldest of my uncles, where it was more or less in keeping with its surroundings. When he died, the house was sold, and as the Derbyshire rectory had been given up by then, nobody in the family had a suitable place for Great-Great-Great-Grandmother. The Second World War had begun, and Aunt Georgina, unable to travel about the Mediterranean, settled in a little hotel in Tunbridge Wells, where she occupied a tiny bedroom on the second floor. She was well satisfied with this room, because it had one wall just large enough for Great-Great-Great-Grandmother. The portrait crowded the room uncomfortably, but Aunt Georgina did not mind that. She spent the war reading

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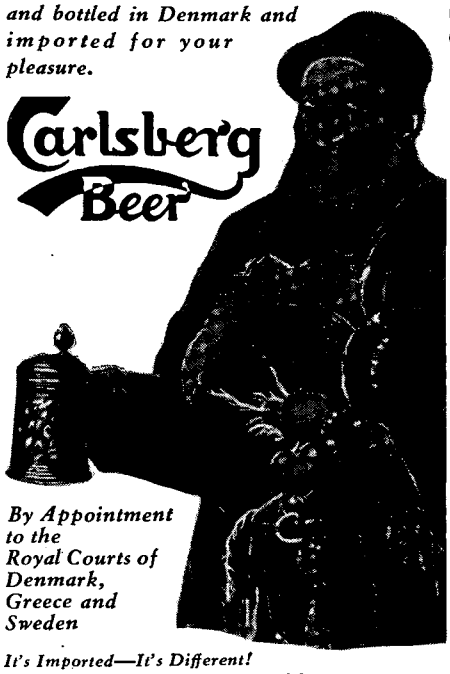

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archeological publications and knitting scarves for the Royal Navy, perfectly happy in the company of the stern-eyed old lady on the wall.

In the spring of 1944, I travelled down from London to tell Aunt Georgina that I was engaged to be married. She kissed me and, with rather formal politeness, wished me happiness, but she did not express any real interest in my news until I said that my fiancé was a geologist. When I added that he was American, she gave me Great-Great-Great-Grandmother's portrait as a wedding present. She had intended that the picture should be mine one day anyhow, she said (Great-Great-Great-Grandmother and I have the same first name), and since, with a rich husband, I would have a house large enough to display the portrait to advantage, I had better take it with me when I left England.

My fiancé had never mentioned money, so I thought it unlikely that he was rich, but I did not let that stop me from accepting Aunt Georgina's present. Moving the picture to the States took some time, for Lawrence's paintings are regarded as national treasures, and as such cannot go overseas without the British government's permission.

Great-Great-Great-Grandmother now hangs in our dining room in Washington, D.C. The room measures nine and a half by thirteen feet, and she crowds us in exactly the same uncomfortable way that she crowded Aunt Georgina in Tunbridge Wells. The sensible thing for me to do would be to lend her to the National Gallery, where she could hang with the other Lawrences in a room of suitable size. But I seem to have no wish to do the sensible thing.

When Aunt Georgina was alive, I thought that, apart from our kinship and our affection for each other, she and I had nothing in common. Now I am not so sure. —JOYCE WARREN

•

Came then one of the few men who actually knows something about titanium, E. R. Rawley, who makes it. As president of Titanium Metals Corp. of America, he produced three and a half tons of titanium a day in Henderson, Nev. He signed a contract to make far more than this, but, as he explained, the signals were changed by the military, which kept demanding higher quality.

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—*Fred Othman in the Washington (D.C.) News.*

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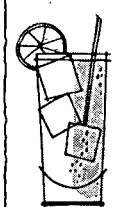

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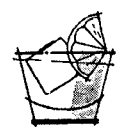

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JULY 28

As a small proof of the finality of what has just been arranged in Indo-China, the aged King of Laos has arrived for an extended stay in France, where he will take the waters at Vittel, and Bao Dai, chief of state of Vietnam, is already taking the waters at Vichy.

There can be no doubt that Premier Mendès-France has become practically a national hero in the month it took him to fulfill his fantastic promise of an Indo-China cease-fire, which the French have generally called anguishing good news. He is now regarded as having done three major things concurrently in four weeks—ended a colonial war that might have become a Third World War; offered postwar France another chance, perhaps cheap at the price, at realistic political and financial salvation; and, along with Anthony Eden, revived the Entente Cordiale of that European-minded monarch Edward VII, substituting London across the narrow Channel for Washington across the vast Atlantic. It is curious, though, that in speaking or writing of Mendès-France the French dilate less on what he has done than on what he is—that they are amazed less by his swift achievements and by the government projects he has taken up since his return to Paris than by the elements of his character, which they enumerate as though they were totally unexpected French victories. Putting these admiring analyses of him together, one gathers that people here think his unprecedentedly rapid success as Premier is due to his being a rare French politician, with the qualities of calm, common sense, candor, will power, dexterity, political imagination, intellectual talent, firmness, dynamism, diplomacy, determination, endurance, obstinacy, fidelity, sincerity, courage, purposiveness, clarity, and precision—a new leader who is outwardly impersonal, detached, and good-natured but has stirring, passionate convictions. During the nineteen-thirties, Parisians themselves still deserved to be characterized as volatile, and they proved it in hours of political stress or outraged disappointment, when they took to the sidewalks and boulevards in milling crowds, shouting their protestations. The German Occupation pretty well paralyzed this old Gallic instinct for self-expression, but it is coming back, and plenty of thoughtful Parisians now wonder if Mendès-France's political enemies realize the risk they may be taking in already plotting to push him out, and plotting with more concentrated strategy than they applied to keeping the eminently mediocre Laniel in the saddle for almost a year.

It is no joke for drama critics to try to judge acting and plays performed in ten different languages. This is what Paris critics have been up against at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, where the visiting foreign troupes of the Premier Festival International d'Art Dramatique have been holding forth since the middle of June. We have had the Italian Compagnia Gino Cervi, Copenhagen's Ny Teater (playing Corneille in Danish), the Yugoslav Dramatic Theatre (in the Yugoslav classic "Dundo Maroje," or "Uncle Maroje"), Cyril Cusack's Irish players (in "The Playboy of the Western World"), Spain's Lope de Vega Troupe (in Pedro Calderón de la Barca's "La Vida Es Sueño"), Brussels' Théâtre Royal du Parc, Warsaw's Teatr Kameralny, Henry Sherek's English players (in T. S. Eliot's "The Confidential Clerk," which the Paris critics understood, all right, but did not in every case like), Oslo's Nye Teater (doing "Ghosts," with Lillebil Ibsen, who is certainly more conservative as a theatre artist than her grandfather), and the festival is just now ending with the Habimah Players, of Tel Aviv, in a reprise performance of "The Golem." The Habimah company was founded under the aegis of the great modernist Stanislavski, but to see and hear the troupe's old-melodrama makeup, delivery, and ranting you would never know it now.

In many theatregoers' opinion, the best of all the companies and plays were definitely those from East and West Berlin. The Soviet Zone's Berliner Ensemble, directed by the playwright Bertolt Brecht, gave his "Mutter Courage," that anti-military tragedy of women in the Thirty Years' War. Brecht used a cameolike white cyclorama as background for the gray poverty and misery carved against it, and a type of expressionistic acting that was rather superior to the too nervous realism imposed by Jean Vilar in the recent production here, by the Leftist Théâtre National Populaire, of the same play in French. As for the West Berliners, the stage adaptation by Max

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Brod of Kafka's long, unfinished novel, "The Castle," seemed the most imaginative, highly stylized theatre to look at, listen to, and reflect on. The unmade-up actors, recruited from the Schiller and the Schloss Park theatres, talked simply, as if only to be heard by each other, amid fantasy doors indicated by silver frames balanced in space, with white lights suddenly shed over dark groups, like a form of psychoanalysis, and blackouts serving to partition off unused parts of the stage or to substitute for curtain falls, and with an overtone of intermittent offstage woodwind music. According to Brod, the castle (which is a place constantly talked about but never seen in the play) represented to Kafka a state of religious grace that normal men hope to enter. As the play was done here, it seemed more to represent an absentee autocratic government—a hazy hierarchy of bourgeois and often wicked administrators acting like organized gods, mostly invisible but dominating the helpless, unresisting lives and labors of the humble citizens living in the village below, where the unresented human tragedies and horrid comedies of the action take place. In Kafka's "The Trial," the condemned man is Joseph K.; in "The Castle," he is merely K. (virilely played by Wilhelm Borchert). K. is a recently arrived land surveyor who wants to work for and live in the castle but suffers such frustrations, confusions, and deceptions, and such angry, aspiring, but also ignoble passions, that he has just died of them all, almost in a show of rebellion or disobedience, when the final news comes of his lucky acceptance by the castle. Because of the play's anonymous denunciations, its two youthful, impertinent, and mutually devoted spies, and its depiction of the crushing, indifferent weight of administration and of authorities with their endless recordings of subversions, it is not odd that today the castle seems less a state of grace than a state of certain modern men's minds.

THERE is, for this part of the world, an unusual supply of new articles on Russia and Russians, chief among them two series in Paris newspapers. The shorter one, just completed, was by the noted and now pro-Communist philosopher-writer Jean-Paul Sartre. His information, carried by the *progressiste* morning paper *Libération*, was presented in the form of editorial questions and his answers, both written after he got back home from a trip to Russia. He said that because culture was his main interest, he took his friend Ilya

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Ehrenburg's advice and visited Samarkand and Tashkent, in Uzbekistan, a cotton-industry region that is reported to be the Soviet's greatest showpiece of cultural advance, since in Czarist times it had an illiteracy rating of ninety-eight per cent. Sartre, who was aggressively pleased with everything he saw, first of all stated that Soviet citizens say they are better off now, because Malenkov's government has begun to produce consumer goods for the people. He then said that in a discussion with a fifteen-year-old Samarkand schoolgirl it became clear that Tolstoy is more popular than Dostoevski, who is regarded as perhaps a great writer but one who has nothing for Soviet citizens today, they having moved beyond his special world. Sartre's most fascinating literary news was that since the conflict between classes is now nonexistent in the Russians' classless state, and since conflict is the basis of struggle in a novel, Russian novelists are going back to the use of foolish, old-fashioned mixups of identity and names to keep up interest and action. He said that everyone in Russia is free to criticize, and does, and that it is no sinecure to be a member of an intellectual élite there, since any élite is constantly subjected to the Comrades' criticisms; in fact, one author's un-élite drunkenness at a factory party, and the workers' consequent protests, led the Writers' Union to throw him out. Sartre said that nobody is rich—that even Ehrenburg, whose books sell millions of copies, lives in a modest wooden country cottage. Sartre met no Russians who were curious to see France, since they have too much to do at home. To the final editorial questions on war, peace, and revolution, Sartre answered, "I told some Soviet functionaries that a revolution was impossible in France today; they answered that it was not even desirable. They prefer evolution to revolution, for a while, because revolution would probably bring American intervention." Sartre added that the Russians are "convinced that the Communist ideology should, and will, impose itself on the world in any case. As a result, peace is a means for them, and also war, for if there were a war, they think they would win it."

The long and still continuing articles on Russia published in *France-Soir*, the biggest paper in Paris, with a circulation of more than half a million, are an entirely different story. They were compiled after a spring visit to Russia by the paper's editor, Pierre Lazareff, and his wife Hélène, who is editor of *Elle*. They both worked in New York during the war—he on the O.W.I.'s French-lan-

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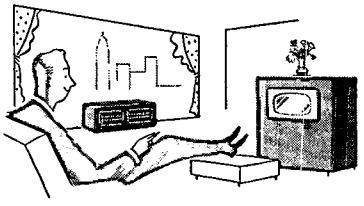

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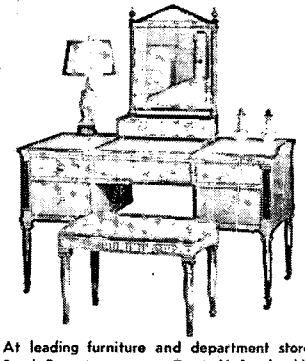

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guage broadcast desk, she with the New York *Times*. As a couple, they are anti-Communist and pro-Russian. He was born in Paris, but she was born in Russia, and speaks the language. According to the Lazareffs, property can now be inherited, the rich are called Zims (the name of the Soviet luxury automobile), and many of the wealthy live in a Muscovy Long Island manner. One article of major interest to average French readers dealt with the average Russian worker, with the bad and the good of his present existence balanced, in a detached, reportorial manner, against that of the average French worker. The Lazareffs have run one article of particular interest to Frenchwomen, in which they told of the physical and mental exercises given to pregnant Russian women so they will have no birth pains, and also imparted the news that unmarried mothers may not sue for paternity, that married parents must pay an extra tax until their third child is born (French parents get a permanent *allocation familiale* for two children), and that working Soviet mothers have twenty-one days less time off for their accouchements than French mothers do. There was an article on the remarkable Russian theatres, gleaming with every modern technical perfection, and one on playwrights and the latest confusing tragicomedy of an author named Leo Zorin, whose play, "The Guests," was a slashing attack on the new Soviet type of get-rich-quick business fixer. It had a month of tremendous popularity but then was denounced and withdrawn, though official Russian papers, after Stalin's death, themselves criticized the Russian state-repertory plays as "mediocre and monotonous." Other articles have covered Russian moviemaking, the favorite Western movie stars (among them the French Gérard Philipe), schools, propaganda and the brain-shaping it produces, housing, shopping, and women's clothes and problems. The Lazareffs claim that the Comrades were afraid to talk to them because they were strangers, but that many of them were curious to visit the strangers' land, where there is—or so they have been taught—mostly illiteracy, misery, cruel employers, unemployment, and terror. The Lazareff series is already taking on the look of an interesting book on contemporary Soviet Russians.

A PERSPIRING crowd of thirteen thousand onlookers, including those great former stars Jean Borotra and René Lacoste, who used to be looked at themselves, attended the open-

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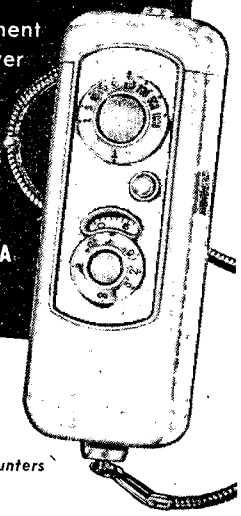
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ing European-zone tennis finals for the Davis Cup, held over the weekend at Auteuil's Stade Roland Garros. There has been talk of a French tennis renaissance this year, it being the first time since 1949 that the French have participated in these upper tennis brackets. Unfortunately, their opponents were the highly talented Swedes. Under the unaccustomed blazing sun, most of the spectators gratefully wore giveaway paper hats that advertised French apéritifs. In any case, it was an unsmart, untypical tennis crowd, which had seemingly turned up mostly because it was a wonderful Saturday afternoon to be outdoors. True, the Parisian Robert Haillet, France's No. 2 player, a nervous, dark type, started his match against the big, blond, and Northern Lennart Bergelin with brilliant passing shots, but by the fourth set he was so agonized by the heat that those who sat near the players' refreshment table heard him groan "*Je souffre*" as he sucked lemons and sponges between games. He was later reported to be suffering from sunstroke. His opponent won his final love set partly by being unaffected by the thermometer. It was not a high-class match any way you looked at it, with one scoreboard clocking up the wrong figures and a crowd that booed with patriotic displeasure when the Swede, speaking tennis English *comme un parfait gentleman*, complained of his backline shots' being too repeatedly called out. The second match, between the handsome young giant Sven Davidson, ranked as this year's best European player, and the thirty-year-old No. 1 Frenchman—the short, stocky Paul Rémy, who comes from Algiers and at least could stand the sun—started spectacularly enough with machine-gun volleys, but the ball was soon being swatted so wide of the mark that double faults were ironically cheered by the crowd as being twice as exciting as single ones. The Swede won by making the fewest errors. Regrettably, the best that could be said for the French playing at Roland Garros was that it brought thirteen thousand people out into the first—and still the only—hot sunshine of this oddest French summer in seventy-eight years.

—GENÊT

•

I am not meaning to ridicule what Schapiro said about the picture, although I cannot conceal the fact that I think it was old-maidish, academical, purely cerebral, and unrelated to any real facts.

—*Max Eastman in the Freeman.*

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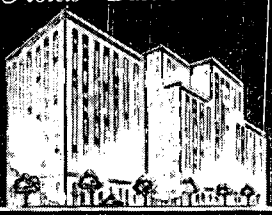
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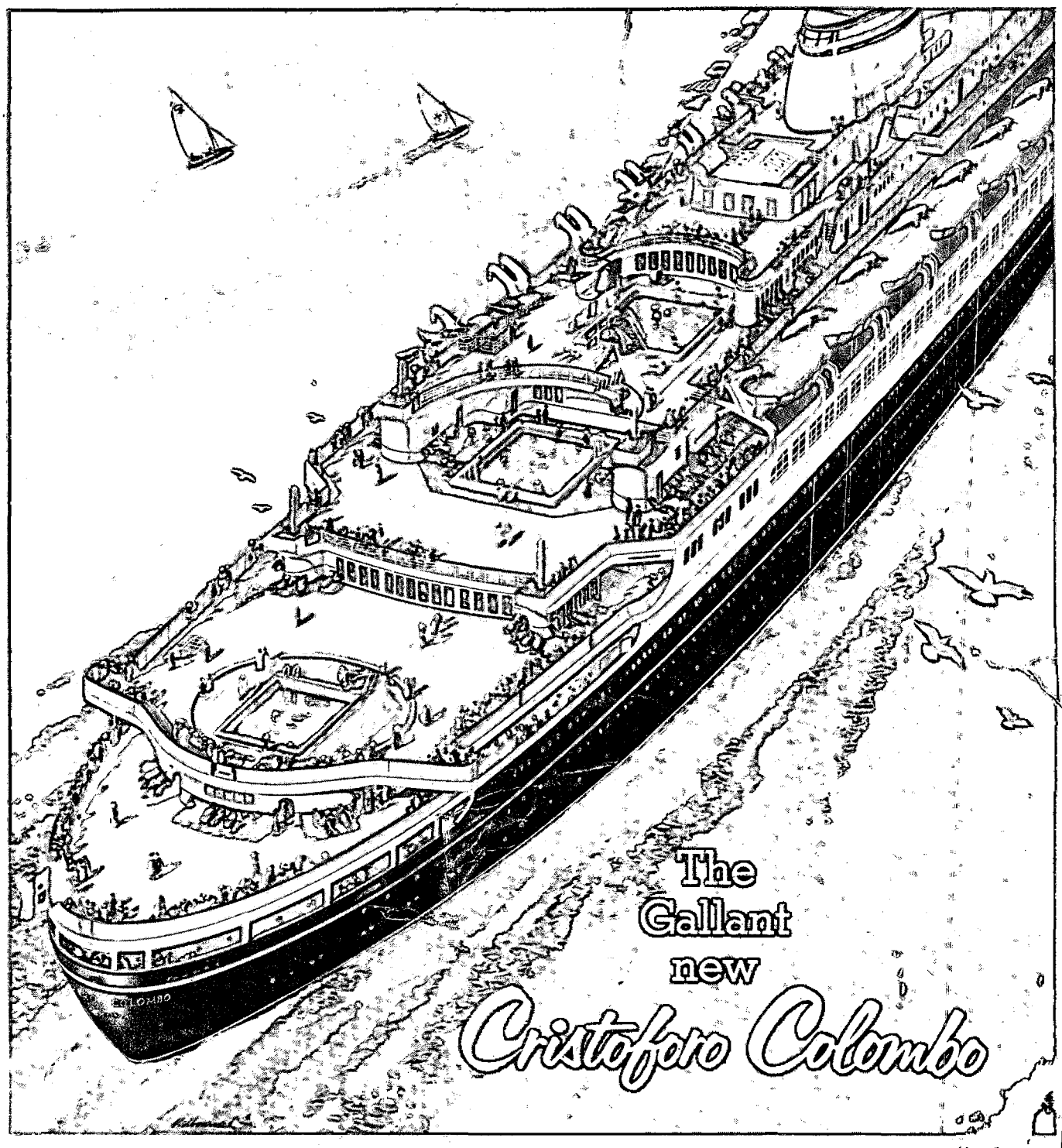

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